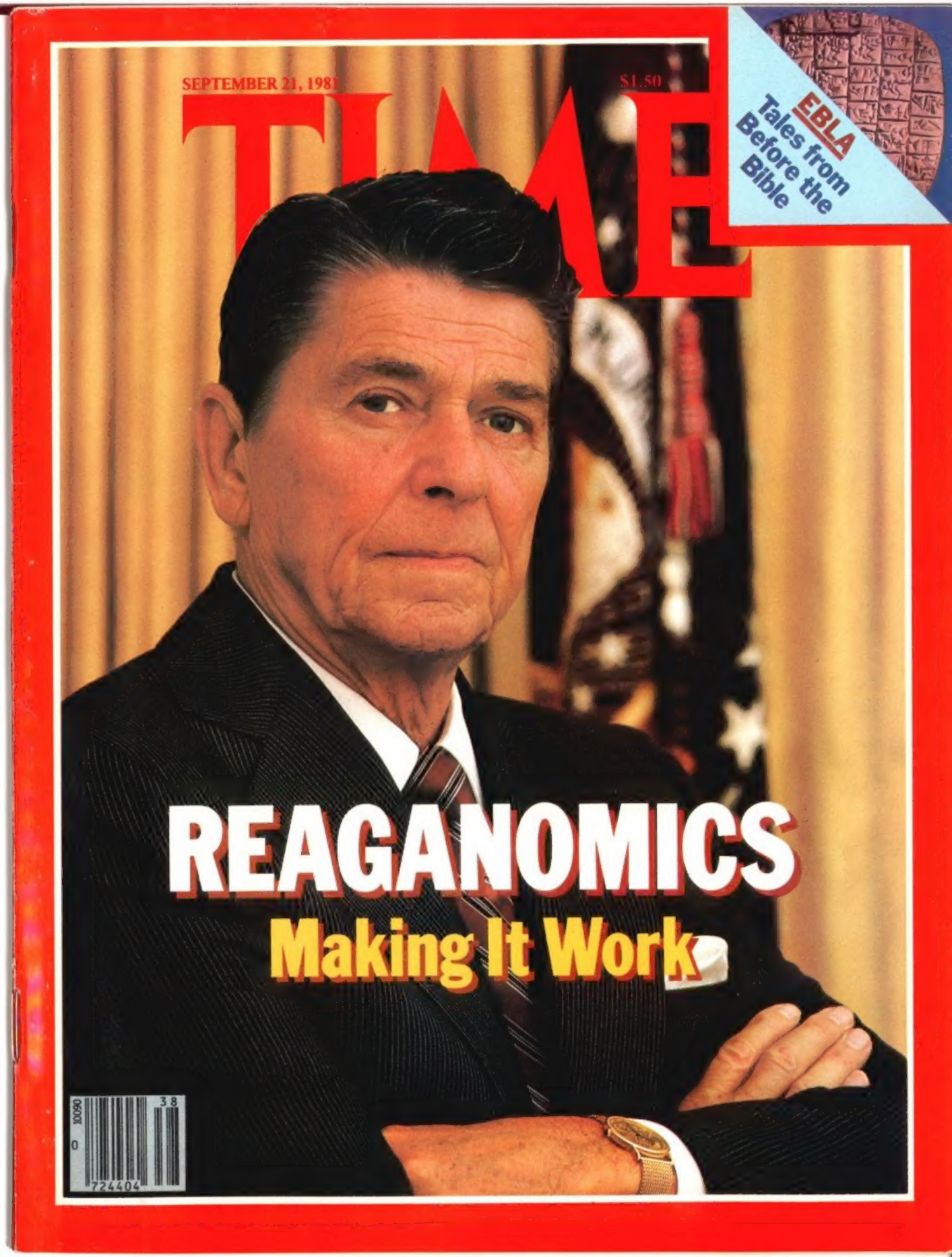
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SEPTEMBER 21, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 12

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Analyzing the complex ups and downs of the U.S. economy can be tricky business, requiring an expert's eye for detail and a generalist's feel for broad trends. Senior Editor George Taber, who has headed TIME's Economy & Business section since last fall, draws weekly on a variety of resources to assist him in this difficult task, not the least of which is his own experience in the field. A former American press spokesman for the Commission of the European Community in Brussels, Taber frequently covered business news as a TIME correspondent in Paris and went on to become TIME's Washington-based economics correspondent from 1977 to 1979. Among the numerous cover stories he reported there, appropriately, was one about the nation's "topsy-turvy" economy.

Senior Editor Taber

Another valuable resource for Taber is the TIME Board of Economists, which holds quarterly meetings with the Economy & Business section. Established in 1969, the board consists of top economic experts whose freewheeling, on-the-record discussions provide, as Taber puts it, "a high-powered seminar by the country's leading business and academic economists, who perform a vital service by tipping us off to what the economic community is thinking about and pointing out future trends." (Current members: Otto Eckstein of Harvard University, Martin Feldstein of the National Bureau of Economic Research, Alan Greenspan of Townsend-Greenspan & Co., Walter Heller of the University of Minnesota, James McKie of the University of Texas, and Joseph Pechman and Charles Schultze of the Brookings Institution.) Two of the board's distinguished alumni are currently high officials in the Reagan Administration: Murray Weidenbaum, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers (the fifth board member to serve in that position), and Beryl Sprinkel, Under Secretary of the Treasury.

Last week's meeting of the board was particularly useful to Taber and Charles Alexander, who wrote this week's cover story on how fares "Reaganomics." The economists' comments amplified key points to be dealt with in the story, which was checked by Reporter-Researcher Bernard Baumohl. The guest participant at the meeting was Alice Rivlin, director of the Congressional Budget Office, who a few days later gave her newsmaking testimony before the House Budget Committee. Says Taber: "The Reagan Administration will clearly rise or fall along with its economic program, now under panicky and premature fire before it is fairly begun. Reagan could be leading the country toward a breakthrough in its economic history, but only if he can convince the public and the Congress to stick with him."

John a. Meyer

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PHOTO BY ROGER MILLER

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT YOUR CAR?

The average family puts 10,000 miles on its car every year. Yet, most people never stop to think just how far their cars take them.

Take this car, for instance. In just the past year, it's afforded its owner:

- three trips to the doctor
- a trip to the zoo
- a Thanksgiving with grandparents
- a Labor Day weekend with a favorite aunt
- 104 runs to the grocery store
- an affordable vacation with the kids
- 22 movies across town
- 250 commutes from home to work
- night class sessions
- saxophone lessons
- 24 trips to the library
- a Fourth of July at the shore
- a camping trip to the mountains
- 144 local business calls
- four football games
- three PTA meetings
- a memorable night at the symphony
- 27 visits to see a best friend
- one midnight trip to the maternity ward
- a choice of stores
- and the chance to get away from it all.

Now if that isn't a freedom machine, what is?

Next time you take your car for granted, remember the quality of life it's given you.

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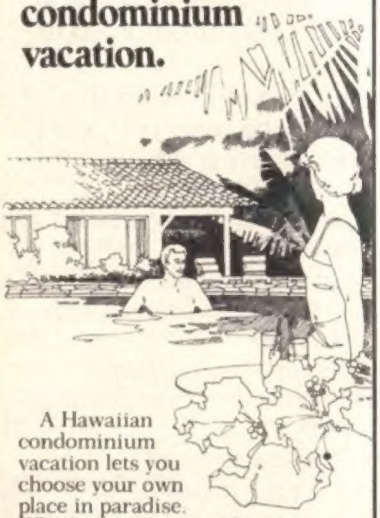

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1981

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Letters

Irving's World

To the Editors:

John Irving [Aug. 31] is not only a masterly writer, he is a master teacher as well. At a Breadloaf workshop, he read a scathing review of one of his own novels before criticizing the manuscripts of aspiring writers and, probing the air with his hand, which curved like a bear's paw, he exhorted writers to teach something, to make the story yield a potent statement and to fight for issues with "generous anger," out in the open, like Dickens.

Alia Sayegh
Margate, N.J.

John Irving is by far the best-looking man you have ever had on your cover. I am in love.

Edna Vega
Alexandria, Va.

What a great way to end the summer! When did you say Irving was planning to come to Indiana?

Yvonne Ransel
Elkhart, Ind.

In his works, Irving plays a game of cat and mouse in which he is a jaded feline devising kinky ways to devour his characters. He takes great pains to create elaborate family trees, but they are ultimately rotten at their roots. It's no wonder he's so popular; his books are just one big freak show, with bizarre high jinks and cheap shocks introduced regularly to titillate his audience.

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles

As outlandish, grotesque and sardonic as the world according to John Irving often is, it is also a world filled with compassion, joy and truth.

Patricia P. Adam
Lebanon, N.J.

We would all be insane without Irving to take us from our world filled with liars, cheaters, terrorists, rapists, burglars, muggers and cynics to his world where there is just enough wit to make it all very funny. Thank God for John Irving.

J. Stephen Bottum
Arlington, Va.

Libyan Challenge

The shootout with the Libyans [Aug. 31] should remind us that the "shores of Tripoli" are already memorialized in the *Marine Corps Hymn*, dating from an earlier period when the U.S. fought to keep open the waters of the Mediterranean. With Reagan as President, the message goes out: "America is back!" It will be heard and understood both by our friends and by potential enemies.

Joseph Reymann
San Dimas, Calif.

While it is reassuring that the Carter policy of appeasement is now past history, I suspect that the Reagan Administration has exploited the hostilities with the Gaddafi regime to prime American public opinion for bigger and bolder adventures in the Middle East.

Theron W. Parker
Gelnhausen, West Germany

The decision not to notify the President immediately of the Libyan incident suggests that although Mr. Reagan may be running the nation, someone else is running Mr. Reagan.

Paul Bujak
Laramie, Wyo.

Defense Debate

Strobe Talbott's excellent article "The Vulnerability Factor" [Aug. 31] proves a point that even he has overlooked. We have militarized our foreign policy to such an extreme that we fail to ask the question: Given today's depressing arsenals, what objective would justify their use? The obvious answer leads us to conclude that the arms race has its own dynamics as well as its gurus.

Walter C. Uhler
Bensalem, Pa.

I don't want to sound rude or anything, but please, Mr. Reagan, take your Pershings, neutron bombs and cruise missiles and get out of Germany! We are old enough to take care of ourselves. Tens of thousands of innocent people in Viet Nam, Chile and Nicaragua have already died in the name of freedom and liberty. We don't want to be next in line. I'm not anti-American or pro-Soviet. I'm simply a human being and I don't want to get nuked off this world by a friend.

Ralf Wachsmuth
Bielefeld, West Germany

Insulting Encounters

Your Essay "Where Have All the Insults Gone?" [Aug. 31] reminded me of a

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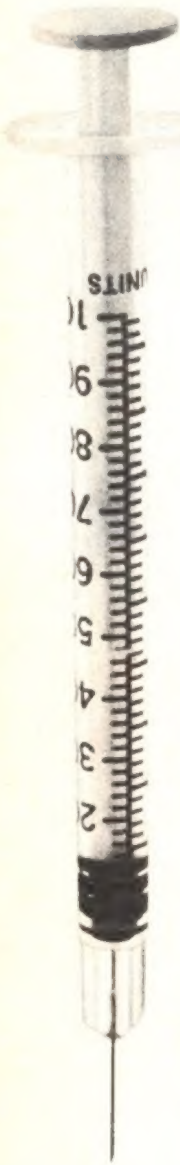

Fiction: Insulin is a cure for diabetes.

Fact: There is no cure for diabetes, yet.

Fiction: Diabetes is nothing to worry about.

Fact: Diabetes can cause blindness, heart disease, kidney disease, gangrene and stroke.

Fiction: Diabetes is under control.

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Letters

classic rebuff uttered by American Congressman and Statesman Thaddeus Stevens. While crossing a mud-covered Lancaster, Pa., street on a wooden plank in the mid-1800s, Stevens confronted a political adversary coming toward him on the same narrow walkway. His rival called out in disdain, "I never step aside for scoundrels!" Stevens quickly stepped back off the plank and into the ankle-deep mud and replied, "I, on the other hand, always do!"

C. William Eckenrode
Lancaster, Pa.

Insults are not dead in Brevard County, Fla. I just heard a Government contractor "roast" a departing Air Force major with: "Working with the major has been like playing leapfrog with a unicorn."

Darhl C. Stultz
Satellite Beach, Fla.

How could you have overlooked "nattering nabobs of negativism"? Perhaps the intent was to effect the ultimate insult: ignoring someone. What was the Vice President's name anyway?

Diane Chenoweth
Delaware, Ohio

Medfly and Brown Rot

Crisis? What crisis? Farmers in California have long declared that this state has had a case of "Brown rot." It is too bad it took the Medfly [Aug. 31] to show the rest of the country our problem.

Richard Morgantini
Solvang, Calif.

Absolutely free, a campaign theme for those who may wish to run against Jerry Brown: He wouldn't hurt a fly.

Bill Marx
Glen Head, N.Y.

Stopping at Wall Drug

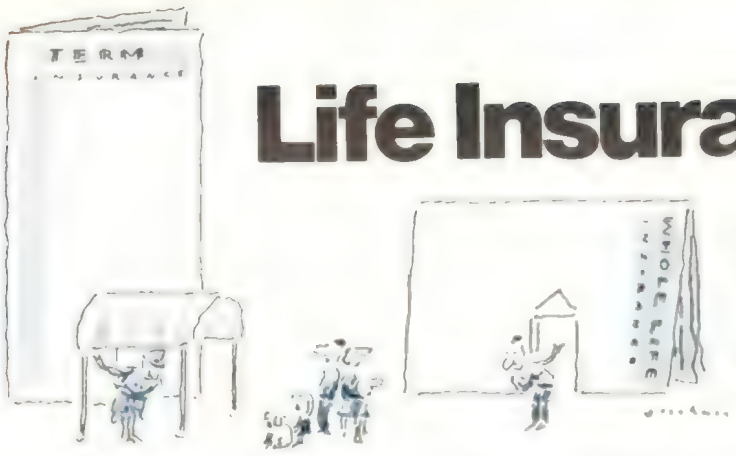
The American Scene story on Wall Drug Store in South Dakota [Aug. 31] brought back memories of our then college-student daughter sending home pictures of a main thoroughfare in Amsterdam. Amid the signs in Dutch was one standout in English: ONLY 5,280 MILES TO WALL DRUG, SO. DAKOTA!

Anne Mazanek
Warwick, N.Y.

Though it seemed to be an all-American joke at the time (1975), the pictures I have in my photo album of me on a stuffed bucking bronco and my friend with his arm around the wooden cowboy go to prove that "corny" Wall Drug may be just the thing that memories are made of.

Marlene Osterfeld
San Diego

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



Life Insurance...

Should you 'rent' it or 'own' it?

Deciding what type of life insurance you need can be compared to deciding whether to rent an apartment or own a home. This comparison can help you understand the different benefits the two basic types of insurance can provide and how Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* policy may be the answer for you.

Term Insurance Is Like Renting

Both an apartment lease and a term policy last for a set period. Renting an apartment is often the only affordable choice for some. So too, term insurance can initially provide much more coverage per premium dollar than whole life. Like most rents, however, the premiums on term increase with each renewal. Also, as an apartment renter doesn't build up equity, a term policy doesn't build up cash value.

Whole Life Insurance Is Like Owning

Both a home you own and a whole life policy can protect you for your entire life if you want. And just as a home-owner makes equal payments with a conventional mortgage, the owner of a whole life policy pays the same premium each year. Further, the cash value builds up in a whole life policy in much the same way as equity in the home does from making mortgage payments.

Which Type of Life Insurance Is For You?

The answer depends on your needs and preferences. If your needs are high, but your budget is limited, term insurance may be the answer. Or, you may prefer the permanence, fixed premiums and cash value of whole life, but feel you really can't afford this type of protection.

Now there's an answer to this dilemma — **Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy.** It's like putting an addition on your house at no extra cost.

Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy can give you the whole life benefits you need — at a surprisingly low premium.

Depending on your age, Metropolitan's new Whole Life *Plus* Policy lets you buy **up to one-third more** whole life coverage than we offered before for the same premium payment. It's like building a sizeable addition on the cozy traditional whole life house with no extra payment! Metropolitan is offering the Whole Life *Plus* Policy for coverage amounts of $25,000 or more and you'll probably be surprised at how much coverage you can now afford.

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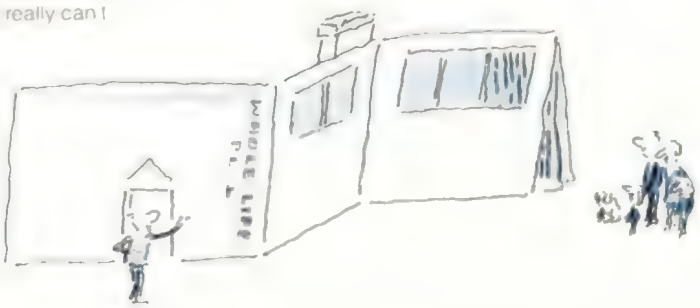

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TIME SEPTEMBER 21, 1981

Rolling Back on Defense

Not even the plans for military spending are sacrosanct

The President meeting with White House aides to ponder future budget cuts

It was the kind of political theater that Americans had watched before, but the mood of the drama was subtly different. Last week, Ronald Reagan and his aides staged a series of intra-Administration debates and consultations with worried congressional leaders, fanning speculation about just what new budget cuts the President plans to advocate in a major pronouncement later this week. The script was reminiscent of the buildup to Reagan's unveiling of his first round of spending slashes last February; this time, however, there was no expectation in the White House that the results of all the decision-making caucuses would be seen by anyone as an Administration victory.

The President's problem is painfully real: how to convince a sudden rash of skeptics that he can balance the budget by fiscal 1984 as he has promised, thus avoiding both ruinous inflationary deficits and a continuation of the towering interest rates that threaten a new recession (*see* ECONOMY AND BUSINESS). Moreover, the now apparent inadequacy of the first series of budget cuts addressed to that goal has forced the Administration into an agonizing internal debate: how to reconcile the budget-balancing pledge with Reagan's equally heartfelt promise to launch a gargantuan military buildup.

At week's end the President made his decision. According to the White House, a relatively mild cut of $11 billion will be made from the $554.5 billion in military-spending authorizations originally planned for fiscal 1983 and 1984. That will be preceded by a minor reduction of about $2 billion in the $221.3 billion already requested for fiscal 1982, which starts Oct. 1, mostly by delaying some unspecified weapons-procurement programs.

Those cuts are small in percentage terms, and would leave the military budget growing more rapidly than Jimmy Carter had planned. But they contradict the Administration's previous ringing vows that it would spend anything that might be required to counter what it sees as a menacing Soviet buildup. Congressional hawks are already asking whether the additional cuts will allow the U.S. to back up a tough foreign policy with the requisite military muscle.

What is more, the question of just what to cut is bound to be embarrassing to Reagan. About the only certainty is that the reductions in planned increases will not affect the President's long-delayed decisions to go ahead with production of B-1 bombers and to settle on a basing method for the MX missile. One White House aide spells out the likely consequences of the spending reduction: "The savings will come from stretchouts and slowdowns in [weapons] purchasing, reduced training exercises and scaling down the number of ships the Pentagon would like to build." Those are exactly the sorts of actions for which Candidate Reagan lambasted President Carter.

As one top White House adviser puts it: "You have a President who, by God, wants to put every penny into defense that he can." That Reagan has apparently decided to increase defense spending less than he originally planned represents something of a victory for David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget and the Administration's budget-cutting powerhouse. At the start of August, when Reagan was still exulting over his victories in Congress on taxes and budgets, Stockman gloomily informed the President that the nation still faced huge deficits unless Reagan proposed either further reductions in spending or an increase in excise (sales) taxes. The President instantly ruled out any kind of tax boost. Over the next few weeks, Stockman, with the powerful assistance of White House Chief of Staff James Baker, convinced Reagan that Congress could not be persuaded to legislate still deeper cuts in Government social programs if the Pentagon remained untouched. By late August, the White House had directed the Pentagon to come up with a "reverse wish list" of what cuts it would make to stay within specified budget levels.

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and his top assistant, Frank Carlucci, initially replied in typical Pentagon fashion: they produced a list that, according to congressional sources, suggested the abolition of one of the Army's 16 divisions and the scrapping of two tactical

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger arguing for

air wings, among other things. The list sounded like an example of what Pentagon Spokesman Henry Catto had meant when he warned the public to doubt any statements from the armed services "that would lead you to believe they're going to be deprived of uniforms if they don't get everything they asked for."

Stockman kept up the pressure last week in a series of meetings between Reagan and his Cabinet and economic advisers. By Wednesday afternoon, when he and Weinberger squared off for a 2½-hour showdown session with Reagan in the Cabinet Room of the White House, the budget boss seemed to have the Defense Secretary outflanked. Reagan sat with Vice President George Bush on his right and Secretary of State Alexander Haig on his left; Weinberger sat across the table in a chair with wide spaces on either side. At a picture-taking session before the meeting, a reporter asked the Defense Secretary if he felt lonely. Replied Weinberger: "They never promised me a rose garden."

After reporters were shooed away, Stockman argued for 45 minutes in favor of a $30 billion reduction in 1983-84 defense authorizations. Weinberger, strongly supported by Haig, argued for a following 45 minutes that any rollback beyond about $7 billion or $8 billion would undermine the Administration's foreign policy commitments. Both men made liberal use of charts to back up their points; Stockman's were mostly numbers, but Weinberger's were illustrated with drawings of weapons such as tanks. Under questioning from Reagan, Stockman, whose presentation was the smoother of the two, came down to a $26 billion cut, and Weinberger stood firm at $7 billion or $8 billion. Reagan ordered them to "split the difference" and produce a compromise figure; at week's end they had a one-hour meeting with Reagan and agreed on the $11 billion figure.

In Congress, some hawks voiced outrage at the thought of any reductions in planned defense spending. Texas Republican John Tower, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, fumed that the Pentagon will have "less in the way of defense capability than even Jimmy Carter projected." That was clearly not true, but other legislators voiced valid worries about how the defense cutback would mesh with Reagan's foreign policy. Said Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine: "You can't tell the Soviets you will outspend them in an arms race if they won't negotiate, then propose defense reductions and still believe Moscow will sit down to bargain anyway."

Where the ax will fall is another question seriously troubling defense-minded Congressmen. Some fear that the Administration will primarily reduce scheduled increases in the Operations and Maintenance account, which covers spare parts, ammunition and training. In contrast to slowdowns in weapons procurement, which take years to be reflected in actual outlays, an O. and M. slash would reduce Pentagon spending quickly, but also crimp efforts to solve what many defense specialists regard as the nation's worst military deficiency: the inability of many units to get ready to fight immediately. Says Colorado Democrat Gary Hart, one of the Senate's leading defense experts: "It is vital not to cut the level of readiness. There is no sense in cutting ammunition and training in order to build an MX missile. That would be a real fight."

The Administration also faces unpalatable civilian choices. After Reagan's previous budget surgery, only about $170 billion of the $705 billion in federal spending now planned for fiscal 1982 consists of expenditures funded on an annual basis; the rest is earmarked for defense, interest on the national debt or "entitlement" programs such as Social Security and Medicaid. Though some entitlement programs were cut on the first budget go-round, Reagan decided last week not to take another whack out of them now.

So, if it is to meet its budget goals, the Administration will have to reduce the remaining programs something like 10% across the board; that means painful slices into programs that have already been slashed deeply, including federal aid to education and health. Such anguished decisions might have been avoided if the Administration had not pushed Congress into enacting such a deep cut in taxes. But that die has been cast, and there is no way now to balance the budget without pain and uproar. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

minimal reductions in military spending before Reagan and assembled officials at showdown session in the Cabinet Room last Wednesday

A moment of moving pageantry on the South Lawn of the White House

A Strategic Alliance—Maybe

As Mr. Reagan meets Mr. Begin, warm words—mostly

Under a sparkling sky in Washington, trumpets blared, drummers in red tunics beat a tattoo, and honor guards from the U.S. armed forces paraded smartly in salute to yet another visiting head of government. Amid the now familiar splendor of pageantry on the White House South Lawn, both the guest and his host, President Ronald Reagan, rose to the spirit of the emotion-tugging scene.

"No people have fought longer, struggled harder, or sacrificed more than yours in order to survive, to grow, and to live in freedom," said Reagan, turning to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. "Let us remember that whether we be Christian or Jew or Muslim, we are all children of Abraham, all children of the same God." But now, Reagan warned, "forces of aggression, lawlessness and tyranny . . . seek to undo the work of generations of our people, to put out a light that we've been tending for the past 6,000 years." More personally, the President said to a visibly moved Begin, "From your earliest days, you were acquainted with hunger and sorrow, but as you've written, you rarely wept. On one occasion, you did —the night when your beloved country, the state of Israel, was proclaimed. You cried that night, you said, because, 'truly there are tears of salvation as well as tears of grief.'" In response, Begin thanked Reagan for his "heartwarming remarks" and "the touching words."

Traditional diplomatic effusiveness? Not entirely. During two days of candid private talks the two leaders, who were meeting for the first time, seemingly developed an easy friendship, which Reagan's advisers regarded as one of the prime goals of the visit. Begin told his aides that he found Reagan "a warm person, very kind, quite open" and "not a highbrow." Said one Israeli aide: "The Prime Minister really likes him." Reagan called the talks "very warm and productive." The relaxed mood was indicated by Reagan, when he said of Begin at a kosher state dinner: "I have a funny feeling that he may have dined here more often than I have." That was hyperbole, of course, although it was Begin's twelfth meeting with a U.S. President since 1977.

Still, as one White House adviser emphasized, "This was more than just a getting-to-know-you state visit." U.S. officials, notably Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, had criticized Begin's decisions to destroy Iraq's nuclear reactor and to bomb strongholds of the Palestine Liberation Organization in civilian sections of Beirut. Begin in turn had sharply rejected the criticism as unwarranted and unfair. But last week, as Reagan escorted Begin toward his seat for the first White House meeting, Begin dramatically broke away. "Mr. Prime Minister," Reagan called out, "your seat is over here." Begin strode up to a startled Weinberger, thrust out his hand and shook Weinberger's warmly in an implicit apology. Throughout the talks, the Israeli air strikes were never mentioned. Explained Secretary of State Alexander Haig: "We viewed these as circumstances that are behind us."

One circumstance that lies ahead is the Reagan Administration's decision to sell five AWACS radar intelligence-gathering aircraft and other advanced air weaponry to Saudi Arabia. Begin stated his objections to the sale in detail to Reagan, arguing that the sale posed a clear "danger" to Israel. "We are not frightened by AWACS," Begin told Reagan, "but we are worried about them." Still, he followed the advice of aides not to raise a public ruckus in the U.S. about the sale, since an all-out fight would look bad if Congress does not act to block the deal.

Still, if the sale goes through, Israel will not take it lightly. TIME has learned that the Israeli air force recently made at least two reconnaissance flights over Saudi Arabia to gather photographic intelligence that would be helpful if it ever feels the need to shoot down the AWACS. Warned one Israeli official: "I feel sorry for Saudi Arabia. They are making themselves a dangerous target. Israel cannot take chances with the AWACS."

The most tangible result of the talks

Begin with Sharon, left, and Yitzhak Shamir

More than a getting-to-know-you visit.

was a decision to formalize and strengthen the strategic alliance of the U.S. and Israel against any Soviet military moves in the Middle East. Top advisers to both Reagan and Begin, including hawkish Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, began to work out the details of the new cooperation after the summit meeting ended. Any agreement will probably include the prepositioning of medical supplies in Israel for U.S. forces, making any emergency move easier; joint U.S.-Israeli naval exercises; and increased access by Israel to U.S. military intelligence. Also under consideration was the possible use of Haifa as a base for U.S. naval forces. Well aware that moderate Arab states will be less than pleased by closer U.S.-Israeli military ties, Secretary Haig stressed that this relationship was "parallel to the kind of things potentially available to them at some point." At week's end a senior Defense Department official said that the new strategic relationship might be hindered if the AWACS sale was rejected by Congress—an apparent signal to the Israelis that their American supporters should not try to lobby too hard against the deal.

In their talks, Reagan and Haig apparently won no concessions from the Israelis, even though they pressed Begin to seek progress in reaching an agreement with Egypt on autonomy for the 1.3 million Palestinian inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza. Haig suggested a deadline of next April 25 for completion of the autonomy talks, which are to resume later this month in Cairo. By April, if all goes well, Egypt will have got back all of the Sinai Peninsula, seized by Israel during the 1967 Six-Day War. Some U.S. officials fear that Egyptian President Anwar Sadat may lose interest in further talks with Israel once he has achieved that goal.

Begin apparently did not ease U.S. worries about his inflexibility on autonomy issues. Before his arrival in Washington, a State Department official warned that "we will not send a high-level envoy [to the autonomy talks] unless Begin makes us feel it is worthwhile." After the summit talks ended, Haig announced that the U.S. will be represented only by its ambassadors to Israel and Egypt at the first new round of the negotiations. He said the U.S. might elevate its representation if there is progress on the unresolved procedural issues.

As Begin's trip neared its end, he continued a persistent, gentle pressure to get Reagan to visit Jerusalem. Said Begin in a pointed farewell: "I do not say goodbye, Mr. President. I say next time, *au revoir* in Jerusalem." Reagan did not commit himself. Like all but a handful of the nations that still recognize Israel, the U.S. maintains its embassy in Tel Aviv. A presidential visit to Jerusalem might put Reagan in the position of appearing to accept Israeli sovereignty over the entire Holy City. And that would win the President few friends elsewhere in the ever troubled Middle East. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by David Aikman with Begin and Roberto Suro/Washington*

Mysterious Peace Plan for Lebanon

One other sticky question was discussed by the Reagan and Begin teams during the Prime Minister's visit: What to do about the competing military forces entrenched in various sections of war-shattered Lebanon? TIME has learned that a plan for resolving the Lebanese crisis has been a subject of debate among high officials in Israel. Its authorship is unclear—for quite plausible reasons. So deep are the animosities involved that the Israelis might reject out of hand any proposal made by the Palestine Liberation Organization or its Syrian allies; the Palestinians and Syrians will have no truck with anything that originates in Jerusalem. Israeli sources claimed that the plan had been proposed by Philip Habib, the special U.S. envoy to the Middle East. American diplomats insist that the U.S. has not put forward a comprehensive proposal. As outlined by Israeli officials, perhaps as a trial balloon they hope to shoot down, the plan involves three stages of diplomatic and military movements:

▸ Saudi Arabia would take the lead in getting an Arab League committee to agree that the plan should be pursued. Then the heavy artillery now manned in southern Lebanon by Palestinian guerrillas, as well as by the Israeli army, would be withdrawn from all points south of the Litani River.

▸ The Palestinian forces would withdraw from their enclave around the coastal city of Tyre, and also reduce their guerrilla strength from a current level of about 700 to 200 in the region south of the Litani River that is controlled by UNIFIL (United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon). At the same time, Israel would remove all of its troops from the area controlled by Major Sa'ad Haddad's Christian militia, which has been working closely with the Israelis. Lebanese government forces would be allowed to take over this area and would absorb Haddad's fighters.

▸ Finally, Syrian forces would withdraw from all parts of Lebanon except the Bekaa Valley, where Syrian antiaircraft missiles were installed last April. At the same time U.N. troops would supervise the removal of all heavy weapons, including the Syrian missiles, from points south of the Zahrani River, which cuts across southern Lebanon north and west of the Litani. At this point, Israeli and Lebanese officials would begin talks on how to make the recent cease-fire a lasting one and how to prevent border violations.

One right-wing Christian commander, Bashir Gemayel of the Phalangists, secretly visited Israel before Begin departed for the U.S. and then announced that he had officially dissociated himself from Israel. There was no public Israeli complaint. This could be a first step in carrying out one goal of the plan: ending Israel's active support of the Christian forces in their struggle against the Syrians, Palestinians and leftist Lebanese Muslims.

Israeli officials complain that the plan, as they understand it, is flawed, since it does not call for a complete Syrian withdrawal from Lebanon and leaves some Palestinian artillery in place north of the Litani. Some U.S. officials in the Middle East, who profess to have no knowledge of the proposals, viewed the leaks from Israel about the plan as a clever disinformation ploy. Moreover, they argued, neither Haddad nor P.L.O. Chief Yasser Arafat would ever agree to such a withdrawal of their forces. There is widespread skepticism, moreover, that the Lebanese government army is effectual enough to be trusted with control of southern Lebanon. And many experts doubt that Syria would agree to pulling back its missiles under any continuing public pressure from Israel.

Still, the plan is no fiction. TIME has also learned that it has been circulated in detail, under tight security wraps, at United Nations headquarters in New York.

Here Comes La Judge

Heading toward the Supreme Court, with tea and sympathy

"You are among friends," said Republican Robert Dole of Kansas. Lest there was any doubt, the other 17 male members of the Senate Judiciary Committee hastened to reassure the woman sitting before them that perfect civility would mark what one called the "historic occasion." The courtliness displayed at last week's confirmation hearings was so effusive that it seemed surprising that the green baize tablecloth had not been changed to pink, the better to honor Arizona's Sandra Day O'Connor, 51, the first woman nominated to be a Justice of the Supreme Court.

For her part, O'Connor smiled, primly crossed her ankles and placated her inquisitors with platitudes: she was, she said, honored by the nomination, a firm advocate of judicial restraint and a strong believer in the family as "the hope of the world and the strength of our country." Introducing her husband of 29 years, John O'Connor, 51, a Phoenix lawyer who will follow her to Washington, and her three grown sons, Scott, Brian and Jay, she reassured those who might wonder if a woman can indeed have everything: "My nomination to the Supreme Court has brought my own very close family even closer together." Through three days of hearings, O'Connor retained total control of the proceedings.

It is not often that presidential nominees to the nation's highest court are turned down by the Senate. Despite widespread approval of Reagan's choosing a woman for his first nominee, there was some organized opposition from far-right activists who felt that O'Connor's early support of the Equal Rights Amendment and her less-than-rigid voting record on abortion was a "betrayal" of true-blue rightism. Taking no chances that the zealots might prevail, O'Connor was probably the most thoroughly prepared nominee in history. Justice Department officials say she spent much of the summer poring over large loose-leaf notebooks containing answers to potential questions, as well as transcripts of past confirmation hearings. After two days of mock hearings with Justice lawyers in Washington, the nominee relaxed a bit by whomping up a batch of tacos for her coaches in Attorney General William French Smith's private kitchen. Escorted to the hearings on the impeccably conservative arms of Arizona's Barry Goldwater and Judiciary Chairman Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, she had prepared answers to every conceivable question.

Not that the questions were all that tough. Klieg lights and cameras bring out the senatorial urge to hear the satisfying sound of one's own voice; the rambling inquiries directed at O'Connor often seemed designed less to elucidate her judicial philosophy and qualifications than to give the questioner an opportunity to state one of his own pet political positions. Gracefully, but firmly, her tightly folded hands the only sign of nervousness, she easily fielded the grounders and simply smiled as the line drives whistled past. Drawing careful distinctions between her personal views and any possible legal applications, she politely insisted that it would be unseemly and unethical to prejudge an issue that might come before the court by taking a prior public position. Asked to discuss her private meeting with President Reagan in July, she firmly refused: "I should not properly reveal the contents of that conversation. It was not his request; that is my perception of what is proper."

Despite all that well-reasoned evasiveness, a picture of O'Connor as she now is (predicting what donning Supreme Court robes will produce has historically proved a risky enterprise) emerged: cautious, meticulous, conservative. A former state legislator and state judge, she repeatedly stated her judicial philosophy: "I know well the difference between a legislator and a judge, and the role of the judge is to interpret the law, not make it. I do not believe it is the function of the judiciary to step in and change the law because times have changed or because social mores have changed."

O'Connor indicated support for the death penalty. Citing her own trial experience, she suggested that she would favor a "good faith" exception to the exclusionary rule, allowing the use of illegally obtained evidence in trials if police did not realize they were violating an individual's right against unreasonable search and seizure. She also apparently supports stricter bail laws, which would allow judges to weigh the "dangerousness" of the defendant before releasing him, but found little problem with the *Miranda* warning given to arrested suspects.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Supreme Court Nominee O'Connor at confirmation hearing

"The judge is to interpret the law, not make it."

On school busing, O'Connor cited childhood experiences: she herself found the round trip of 75 miles to school from her parents' ranch "very disturbing" and observed: "Busing is often not very beneficial to the child." Pressed over and over again for a repudiation of the Supreme Court's 1973 *Roe* vs. *Wade* decision legalizing most abortions, she said: "For myself it is simply offensive." But, the nominee added, "I'm over the hill. I'm not going to be pregnant again. It's easy for me to say now." She admitted that "the subject is a valid one for legislative action," immediately adding, "subject to constitutional limitation or restraint." More than that, she apologized, it would be inappropriate to say. An aide to Republican John East of North Carolina grumbled, "You ask what ought to be, and she answers what is." But it was precisely by skillfully limiting her answers only to what the law is that O'Connor won compliments from many Senators on her fortitude and graciousness.

Between verbal triumphs in the hearing room, O'Connor was treated to entertainment appropriate to a new girl in town. Chairman Thurmond arranged a candlelit, flower-bedecked lunch of quail in the old Supreme Court chamber in the Capitol ("You think of everything," said O'Connor). After the hearings closed, Thurmond's wife held a tea in the nominee's honor, jammed to the chandeliers with Washington women. Next week the White House expects its turn. Certain that the Senate will confirm the nomination, Reagan's aides have scheduled a truly historic occasion, Justice O'Connor's swearing-in, for Sept. 24. —*By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

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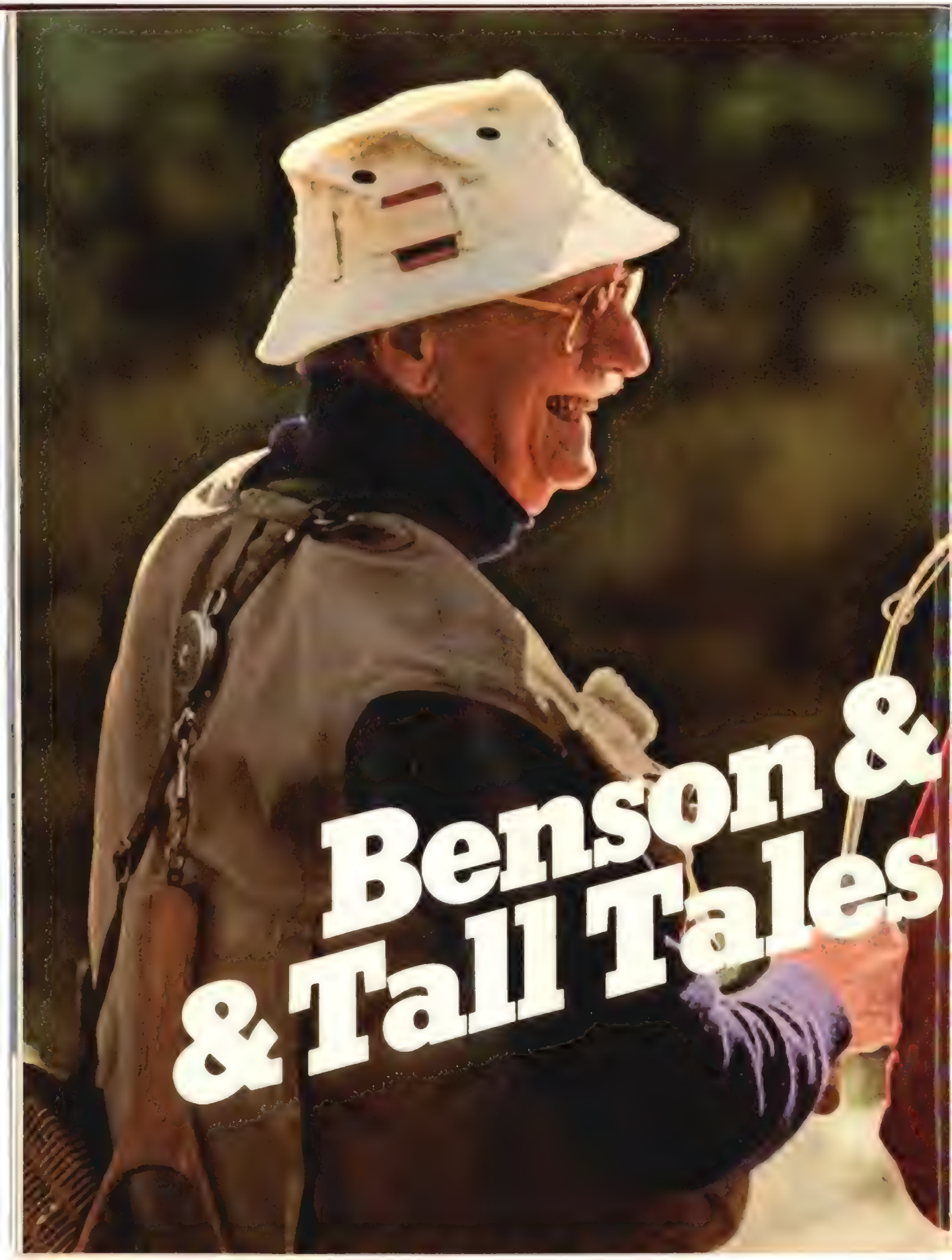
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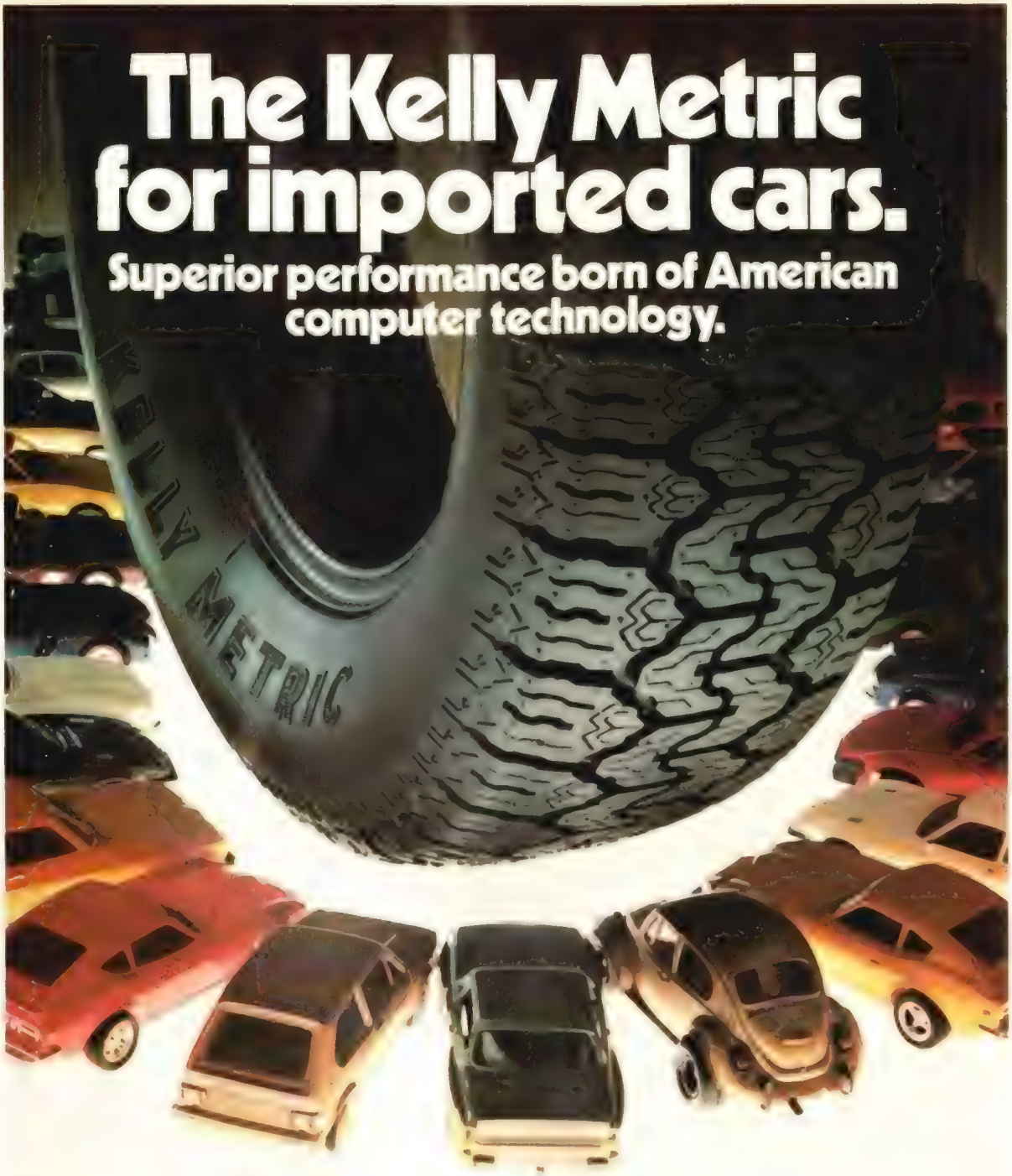

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Draft Dodgers

Ignoring Uncle Sam

When draft registration for 18-year-old men resumed in the summer of 1980, after a five-year hiatus, more than 3.5 million youths, or 93% of those eligible, went to post offices and filled out Selective Service forms certifying their availability for military service. Since then, compliance with the law has gone downhill. In the first three months of this year, only 69% of those required to sign up did, even though the absence of a draft law means that they cannot be inducted into the armed services. That was considerably below the rate of compliance in 1973 and 1974, when antiwar feeling was still running high. Thus far about 600,000 men from the current crop of 18-year-olds have ignored their obligation to register.

Some military experts blame the Administration for the decline, arguing that President Reagan has yet to clarify whether or not he favors a draft to beef up the armed forces. Selective Service officials say the main problem is youthful sloth. "There's a procrastination factor involved," says Assistant Director Brayton Harris. "I have a 17-year-old son, and I can't even get the kid to put out the trash on time." Others attribute it to ignorance. Since the passage of the new registration law (and a subsequent Supreme Court decision upholding the exemption of women), there has been little public discussion of the draft. Officials believe that many youths are simply unaware that they must sign up during a 60-day period surrounding their 18th birthday.

In fact, dodging draft registration is relatively easy. The Privacy Act of 1974 prohibits the use of Social Security records to determine who is eligible. The Selective Service now takes action against alleged draft evaders only after receiving complaints from individuals that someone has failed to register. So far, the service has turned over to the Justice Department a mere 134 cases for possible prosecution. Registration evasion is a felony, with a maximum punishment of five years in prison and a $10,000 fine.

The Selective Service is belatedly becoming more aggressive in notifying eligible men. It bought a mailing list from a company that compiles the names of high school graduates and sent post cards to 1.2 million 17- and 18-year-olds. In the past week, it says it has seen an upsurge in registrations because of increased publicity. This fall Congress is expected to approve a bill that would allow the search of Social Security files by computer to produce a list of potential registrants. They, too, will receive a notification that even if Uncle Sam is still not sure he wants them, he wants to know where they are —just in case he makes up his mind. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Heresy from a Man of Action

Retired General Maxwell D. Taylor is an intellectual soldier who examines global trouble spots from the heights. His view of the struggle below goes far beyond armies. He sees U.S. national security concerns in terms of critical raw materials and the potential collisions of exploding populations as well as in numbers of tanks and planes. The author of *The Uncertain Trumpet*, which questioned the doctrine of massive nuclear retaliation, sounds a compelling note in a plan for national strength that comes not only from scholarship but from a life of action.

As a U.S. Army captain, Taylor hiked the dusty plains of China in 1937 beside "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, studying the advance of the Japanese army. In the eerie nether light of 3 a.m. on June 6, 1944, Taylor—by then a brigadier general—floated to earth behind Utah Beach in Normandy, gathered a handful of his men from the 101st Airborne Division and secured one of the causeways over which troops from the Allied armada would march onto mainland Europe. Later he served as Army Chief of Staff and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Now, at 80, he is a guardian of the nation's conscience.

Taylor, commanding the 101st, in France (1944)

Despite the budget snipping under way at the White House, Taylor fears that the Reagan Administration may yet launch an orgy of aimless military buying and building that will weaken us economically. He worries about stockpiling mountains of weapons for a surprise nuclear salvo that is the least likely of conflicts. Meanwhile, the nation might be left unprepared for small, sharp fights that could paralyze us by cutting off oil or scarce minerals. Taylor notes that OPEC price increases shook the foundation of NATO and diminished American power as much as some Soviet military improvements.

Taylor would begin at the top by replacing the National Security Council with a national policy council that would chart our threats, interests and priorities on a broader scale. Such a body would include Cabinet officers and experts who would determine which problems require military action and how much and where diplomacy should be sharpened and intensified.

Spouting heresy in a mild and disarming manner, the wiry general doubts that we need the new MX missile system. He would exploit cruise missiles and hurry research to put future nuclear weapons on submarines. He would put no more American muscle into NATO, believing that if the Soviets decide to attack nations on the fringes of the Iron Curtain there is no way we can win. Our strategy must be to prevent such a move by raising the costs to their interests around the globe. Taylor argues that we need to take a closer look at the Kremlin's strengths and weaknesses. Can the Soviets go on enlarging their immense military machine or might they, as Churchill once warned, be on the verge of killing themselves in getting strong?

From his Massachusetts Avenue apartment, General Taylor can almost see the White House, where national security must be planned. Ronald Reagan and his advisers, he believes, should decide how to make major war too costly for any adversary and how we can best fight for our interests in limited conflicts. The President should then not worry so much about numbers of weapons as a measure of our security, Taylor insists. American spirit and economic health mean more.

Maxwell Taylor still reads Clausewitz, the 19th century German strategist who defined war as an extension of politics by other means. Taylor has almost decided that the idea of "strategic war" is a misnomer foisted on us by academics who seem to dwell on the idea of the apocalypse. "Clausewitz says war is a way of getting something," muses Taylor. "Strategic war destroys everything." And that, says the old soldier decisively, is not war at all.

On an unemployment line in Detroit, nearly all the faces are black

Goodbye to the Old Guard

The civil rights movement braces for an uncertain future

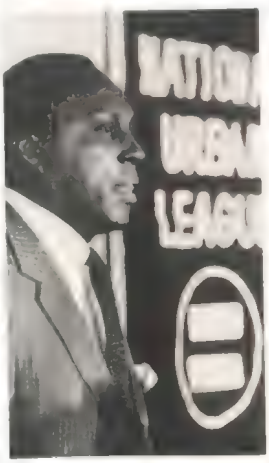
On two successive days last week, the civil rights movement lost, in different ways, two of its most prominent leaders. Roy Wilkins, who had served for 22 years as executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People before retiring in 1977, died at 80. Then Vernon Jordan, 46, president of the National Urban League for the past ten years, announced at a New York news conference that he was resigning to join the Dallas-based law firm of Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer and Feld.

Jordan said that one of the firm's partners, former Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss, had invited him to join the Washington office. By tireless travel and nonstop fund raising in corporate and government offices, the cigar-chomping Jordan has managed to double the Urban League's staff (now 4,200) and quadruple its budget (now $150 million, most of it for job training programs). Said he: "I've always seen this as a ten-year job. It's time for a change, personally and institutionally." Jordan insisted he has fully recovered from injuries sustained 16 months ago when he was shot by a sniper outside a Fort Wayne, Ind., motel. That incident did not influence his decision, he said, adding: "I'm not leaving the movement. I'm leaving the leadership. I won't run away from civil rights cases as a lawyer, but I won't be at the cutting edge."

The death of Wilkins and the resignation of Jordan came at a time of increasing demoralization and frustration within the civil rights movement. That once mighty coalition of black and white organizations captured the nation's conscience and won an end to segregation in public accommodations, besides sweeping legal guarantees of civil rights and voting rights. Yet the movement has seen a sharp decline in political influence since the Reagan Administration took office, as well as a cooling of ardor for civil rights issues among the nation's white majority. As the Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, observes: "Many of our allies in the 1960s now no longer offer support. Some are now among the most vicious opponents of affirmative action."

That growing callousness comes at a time when the average economic status of black Americans remains a national scandal. In 1980, average black family income was $15,806, as against $24,939 for whites. Currently, the unemployment rate among blacks is nearly three times as great as that for whites: 16.2% *vs.* 6.1%. Those disparities have worsened somewhat in the past decade, and for young people the gap is large indeed: a record 50.7% of black teen-age workers were unemployed in August, in contrast with 15.6% of white teen-agers.

The Reagan Administration argues that the most effective way for government to address these problems is by improving the overall performance of the economy. But Reagan's spending cuts hit an array of programs—welfare, food stamps, school lunches, legal services—that have kept blacks and other minorities from falling even further behind than they would have. And blacks predict that state governments, especially in the South, will slash health services and job training programs once funds for such programs are turned over to the states via block grants. As Vernon Jordan put it in his final Urban League Convention presidential address in July: "Black people don't need to be told that government is on our backs because we know it has been by our side, helping to counterbalance the vicious racism that deprived us of our lives, our liberty and our rights."



Urban League's Vernon Jordan

But how to attract wider support for such views is perhaps the major question facing civil rights organizations. One reason the general public seems so indifferent to the black cause is the spreading economic pinch produced by inflation. Says Ira Glasser, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union: "When the majority of middle-class people who have a right to think that they've made it begin to fear for the future of their children, it's not a situation that leads people to be charitable to the plight of others." Adds the Rev. Jesse Jackson, head of Chicago-based Operation PUSH: "It was easier to organize a coalition when we were dealing with the economics of plenty."

Frequently, too, civil rights advocates bemoan the absence of a national spokesman with the authority of a Roy Wilkins or the charisma of a Martin Luther King Jr. After polling 5,000 readers, the magazine *Black Enterprise* concluded in 1980 that "over the last ten years, the absence of clear-cut leadership has been the single most noticeable handicap of the black struggle for equality." In the poll, 30% said they felt Jesse Jackson speaks for blacks generally, 20% named former U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, and 10% cited Vernon Jordan. But no one was endorsed by even 50% of the readers. Says the Rev. Herbert Daughtry, head of the Brooklyn-based Black United Front: "We've known for a long time that the mass of black people have no confidence in these so-called leaders."

To Bayard Rustin, 71, president of the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund and a longtime movement theoretician, what is needed to put fire back in the civil rights movement is a broader focus—an approach that may mean, surprisingly, that future leaders of the movement will not be predominantly black. Noting that whites below the poverty line outnumber blacks by more than 2 to 1, Rustin says: "I do not think it is practical to separate the problems of black poverty from poverty as such. It makes it look as if we're asking for special

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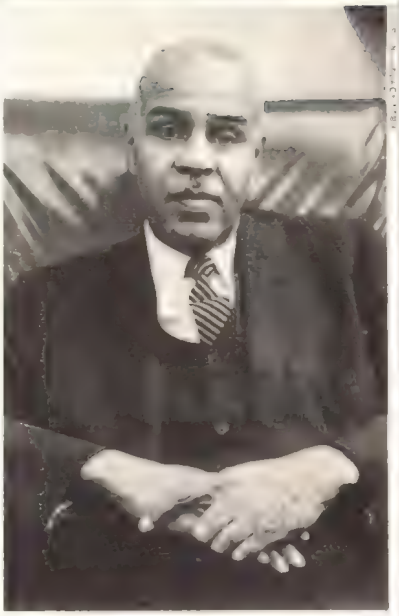
privilege, unless we do it within the context of asking for the elimination of poverty for all." As Rustin sees it, blacks may still have moral grievances rooted in the history of slavery, but politically speaking, now that legal rights for blacks are fully enacted into law, he does not expect Congress to support measures for any single racial group. He explains: "The economic impact of the Reagan Administration is not directed toward blacks. We mustn't fear that. It is directed toward a class of people, the have-nots. Today, what you must ask for is education, jobs, hospital care for an entire class of people. So new leadership that will emerge cannot just be a replacement for King, Jordan, Whitney Young and the others."

In fact, some view the lack of one or two dominant national leaders as a sign of progress. "It was a sign of the powerlessness of black people that you could once name most black leaders in less than a minute," says Eleanor Holmes Norton, former head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. She adds: "Now, a thousand flowers are blooming." Indeed, with nearly 200 black mayors in the U.S., and rapid increases in the numbers of black managers, doctors, lawyers and other professionals, the drive toward equality may be able to go forward in boardrooms and professional societies. Says Willie Brown, the speaker of California's state assembly: "Now the politicians who are black are providing one aspect of black leadership, the religious community another, and the professional organizations another. This adds up to even greater institutional change than could ever have been brought about by a Martin Luther King rally or a Roy Wilkins boycott." Jordan echoed that mixture of confidence and loneliness with which many American blacks regard their future in the post-Wilkins, post-Jordan era. Said he: "I don't think there is anything wrong with the black leadership in this country. I think there's something wrong with the white leadership." *—By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Jeanne Saddler/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, founder of PUSH



The backstage persuader in 1967

He Overcame

Roy Wilkins: 1901-1981

Roy Wilkins once described what he did for a living: "I work for Negroes." An old-fashioned word, dignified and stubbornly cherished by an old-fashioned man of principle. In a lifetime dedicated to achieving full civil rights for black Americans, Wilkins was sustained by a determined optimism and a steady faith that "there are more people who want to do good than do evil." He spent half a century with the oldest, largest and most influential civil rights organization, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 22 of those years as executive director. His "crowning glory," he said, was the 1954 Supreme Court decision *Brown* vs. *Board of Education*, which overturned the doctrine of separate but equal educational facilities. The case was planned by Wilkins and argued by Thurgood Marshall, then N.A.A.C.P. special counsel and now a Supreme Court Justice.

When he died last week in New York City at 80, Wilkins had been out of the public eye since his retirement from the N.A.A.C.P. in 1977. Overcome in his last years by age and ill health, he nonetheless remained a revered figure among blacks and whites alike. Wilkins was a gentleman—patient, diplomatic, someone who considered it important to win friends for his cause. He believed, as ardently as any right-wing patriot, that America was a land of opportunity and justice that could, if one worked within the system, be opened to all. His tools were education, court appeals, lobbying and grass-roots organizing; his strength was a rare combination of persuasion and toughness. He was among the last of a generation of civil rights leaders who pulled and tugged and cajoled the nation through decades of change so profound that many young Americans cannot imagine, still less remember, what segregation was like.

The grandson of a Mississippi slave, Wilkins was born Aug. 30, 1901, in St. Louis. His parents were both college graduates, his father an ordained minister who could find work only as a foreman in a brick kiln. When Roy Wilkins was four, his mother died of tuberculosis and he was sent to live with relatives in St. Paul. He grew up in a poor but integrated, predominantly Scandinavian neighborhood, working his way through the University of Minnesota as a porter, dining-car waiter and stockyard worker.

After graduation in 1923, he became a reporter for the Kansas City *Call*, a leading black weekly. There he met Aminda Badeau, who was to be his wife for 51 years, and for the first time became aware of "the magnitude of racial bias in the U.S." Schools, movies, restaurants, even drinking fountains were segregated. "It was a slow accumulation of humiliations and grievances," he recalled. "Kansas City ate my heart out. It was a Jim Crow town through and through."

He could have returned to the relative comfort of Minnesota. Instead, in 1931 Wilkins joined the N.A.A.C.P. staff, at a time when lynching was still a threat in the U.S. "We had to provide physical security first," he said. At great risk, he investigated brutal conditions in Mississippi delta labor camps, and his report prompted Congress to set up minimum standards and wages for all flood-control laborers. In 1934 he succeeded W.E.B. DuBois as editor of the N.A.A.C.P. magazine, the *Crisis*.

Articulate, painstaking in his research, Wilkins mastered powerful arguments for unpopular positions and, more difficult, could translate them into public support. An adviser to Presidents, he led the fight to desegregate the armed forces, marched long before demonstrations were legal, and in 1963 initiated one of the first major lunch-counter sit-ins, in Jackson, Miss. When 250,000 people gathered on the Washington Mall, Martin Luther King Jr. captured the headlines with his fiery oratory, but Roy Wilkins was a key figure in organizing the march and in the backstage lobbying that ultimately achieved passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. During the turmoil of the '60s, younger, more militant blacks assailed Wilkins as an Uncle Tom, and the N.A.A.C.P. as stodgy and middle class. Wilkins, true to his principles, denounced black separatism and violence as no less evil than segregation and lynching. "Black power," he said, "can only mean black death."

Wilkins once commented that the two people he most admired in history were the black revolutionaries Harriet Tubman and Nat Turner. By remaining a peaceful man of reason, Roy Wilkins well earned a place among his heroes. ■

Let the Buyers Beware

Consumer advocates retrench for hard times

Like bulwarks along an abandoned beach, federal regulations designed to protect the consumer are crumbling against the new tide of free-market economics championed by Ronald Reagan. Most businessmen see the trend as a key to reviving the economy. But consumer activists see it as a catastrophe and are busily seeking ways to slow it. "Consumers are being ignored," says Ralph Nader, patriarch of the movement. "This Administration is out to destroy the rule of law as it applies to corporations."

At the heart of the dispute is a gulf in philosophy as big as a couple of decades' worth of *Federal Registers*. The Reagan Administration, committed to promoting economic recovery by, among other things, curtailing Government intervention, has brought a cost-*vs.*-benefit analysis to consumer safeguards. Says James Miller, director of the President's Task Force on Regulatory Relief: "The question is how to achieve legitimate goals at the lowest possible cost. Regulations cost a lot, and these costs are passed on to the consumer." Consumer activists, however, feel that the Administration, in its letting-go zeal, is jettisoning important regulations that are the only way to protect the buyer in the marketplace, the worker on the job and the citizen at home. Says Dr. Sidney Wolfe, executive director of the consumer lobbying group Public Citizen: "They want to take us back to the 19th century and let business regulate itself."

Both sides agree that what is crimping the consumer movement most is rising worries about broader economic problems. Says President Reagan's consumer adviser Virginia Knauer: "Inflation is the No. 1 consumer concern. It is what the election was all about." Agrees Stephen Brobeck, executive director of the Consumer Federation of America: "We underestimated people's concern with their economic condition. The main issue for most people now is one of economic survival."

The President's task force on Government regulation last month chose 30 regulations, many of which affect the consumer, for review and possible elimination. Among them: strict standards that manufacturers must follow in testing the safety of pesticides; rules setting standards for mobile homes; and regulations controlling the marketing of meat and poultry. Says Vice President George Bush: "There is nothing in our approach destined to diminish the quality of life. We're trying to find a balance that has not been found in previous rules." In so doing, the Administration has changed the entire concept of the Federal Government as guarantor of four basic consumer rights —to be informed, to be protected from dangerous products, to choose goods and services freely, and to be heard—spelled out 20 years ago by President John Kennedy. Among the retreats from these principles this year:

Ralph Nader still fighting

Buyers' Information. Consumerists charge that the Administration is hypocritical in its claim to support a free-market economy because it has moved to restrict the flow of information needed for a truly free marketplace. The White House has canceled regulations that would have required industries to post a list of chemicals their workers are exposed to on the job, made drug firms spell out the possible risks of each medicine they sell, and now plans to cancel a regulation that would compel hotdog makers to note if their products contain ground bone. *The Car Book*, a popular 68-page pamphlet that lists the safety features and maintenance costs of 81 U.S. and foreign automobiles, is not being reprinted even though it is one of the most successful publications ever offered by the Government (1.5 million copies distributed in one year). The book had been compiled each year by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, a whipping boy for conservatives because of its efforts to promote airbags or other passive safety restraints in cars; automobile companies have also objected to the comparative ratings of cars

Safety Standards. The first victories won by Nader in the 1960s involved the setting of federal automobile safety standards, some of which are now being rolled back. The Administration is reducing the collision speed at which a bumper must protect a car from 5 m.p.h. to 2.5 m.p.h. —a move consumer activists say will raise insurance rates and accident costs. Despite a request by the Administration to delay its decision, the Supreme Court ruled last June that cost-benefit analyses cannot be required when setting federal health standards for the workplace. Nevertheless, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) has had the number of its inspectors cut by 11%, and the Administration is determined to relax many of the OSHA regulations that businessmen feel are unduly costly.

James Miller, the President's chief red-tape cutter

"Regulations cost a lot, and these costs are passed on."

Product Evaluation. The Administration has proposed eliminating, or at least folding into the pro-business Commerce Department, the Consumer Product Safety Commission, which keeps watch over 15,000 products. Congress saved the agency from dissolution in the Reagan budget, but reduced its allocation by nearly 30% and decreed that new standards be issued only if the agency finds that voluntary industry codes or warning labels are wanting. Even then, Congress reserved for itself the power to veto any proposed regulation. The crippled commission's new head, Nancy Steorts, has called for an improved Government-business relationship. Says she: "Cooperation with industry will replace the adversary relationship of the

past." Karen Burstein, chairman of the New York State consumer protection board, says that the government is retreating from taking action on some potentially harmful products like urea formaldehyde, a home insulation component that is feared to be a possible carcinogen. Says she: "Formerly the CPSC would have banned it or mandated warning labels."

Regulation of Trade Practices. The Federal Trade Commission now makes cost-benefit analyses before issuing new rules. The Administration has also cut back on the funding and powers of the FTC's antitrust division, which it had originally hoped to eliminate. As a result, the FTC has been less aggressive in opposing corporate mergers, a reversal that may be helping to fuel the recent rash of takeover bids. Last week an FTC official ruled that antitrust actions against the three largest cereal companies be dropped. The commission is also backing away from plans to regulate nonprescription drugs, require used-car dealers to issue warranties, and restrict advertising for sugared cereals and other products aimed at children.

The new attitude may travel overseas. The Administration is considering relaxing regulations that require American exporters of products banned from use in the U.S. to provide detailed information to the importing country about the potential safety hazards.

Deprived of a friend in the Administration, consumer advocates say they will turn to the courts to protect their gains. In the past, it was usually industry that went to court to challenge government regulations. Now consumer groups will be the ones suing both the government and corporations to enforce compliance with the laws that can be protected from repeal. The White House is trying to make such legal recourse more difficult. With the backing of congressional conservatives, the Administration eliminated funding for the Legal Services Corporation from the 1982 budget bill. One reason: to stop class-action suits brought on behalf of consumers. A fight is now under way in Congress to restore some of the funding.

In fact, even business groups are concerned that the slackening of federal consumer protections, and the end of many product safety standards, will mean an increase in individual lawsuits, particularly in the area of product liability. Says Nashville Attorney James Neal, who represented the Ford Motor Co. in damage suits resulting from the design of the firm's Pinto: " I don't think there is anything unfair in the concept of a national agency setting national standards for a product. I would hate to see the policing of industries done through tort [personal injury] suits, because you get such mixed signals through litigation."

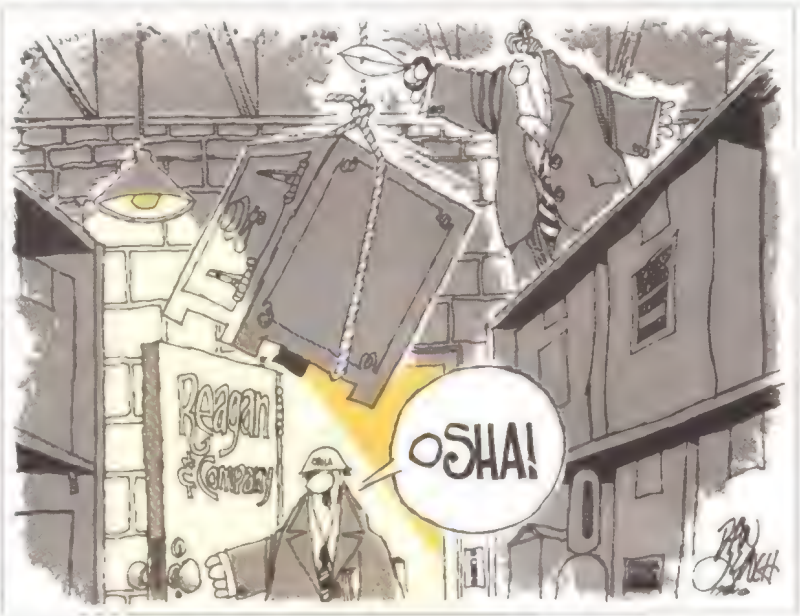
Consumer activists are pursuing another avenue of recourse besides the courts. Adam Levin, director of the New Jersey commission on consumer affairs, says that "the limelight has shifted from the Federal Government to the states." His state, which has 78 local consumer agencies, is among the most consumer-oriented, and the legislature has recently passed a bill limiting excessive medical fees. In New York, state funds were used to replace those cut from the federal Energy Department budget that pay for consumer advocates at utility hearings. The Wisconsin legislature set up a private citizen's utility board to protect citizens' interests. The group is authorized to include membership appeals with power companies' bills. And Massachusetts has banned urea formaldehyde insulation without waiting for federal agencies to act.

But state-by-state action has its limits in policing product safety. Says Texas Consumer Protection Director David Bragg: "The expert time, the tests and the lab procedures required are far too expensive for most states to take on. The Firestone 500 case [in which 7.5 million radial tires were recalled for defects] is an example of an action too big for state government to handle." Roberta Lynch, who helped lead an unsuccessful fight in the Illinois legislature for a workplace chemical warning regulation similar to the national rule canceled by OSHA, agrees that states can play only a selective role: "One reason OSHA was created was that states had the responsibility before and did not do a very good job."

In addition, the states face the legal problem of "pre-emption," which limits their right to pass statutes in areas that are already addressed by national laws. For example, courts have held that a strict California consumer protection bill was pre-empted by a similar federal law, even though the federal version was weaker.

Nor are most states inclined to buck the antiregulation trend. In Texas, for example, consumerists could hardly get committee hearings this year for their bills, and fought a rear-guard action to prevent weakening of existing laws. The budget signed into law this summer by Massachusetts Governor Edward King eliminates that state's consumer council.

For consumer activists there is some hope for a growing backlash among concerned citizens. Says Jim Hightower, president of the Texas Consumer Association: "As the establishment stiff-arms us, they build issues for us to run on. We have eager ears for the first time in years." The Illinois Public Action Council, a coalition of 95 citizens' groups, has formed a political committee to elect sympathetic officeholders. Minnesota Citizens Action, a statewide consumer organization, responded to a cut in its federal funding by setting out to knock on every door in St. Paul, and many doors elsewhere, in a successful membership drive.



Like the environmentalists, consumerists hope to parlay the backlash against Reagan's policies into increased contributions. Next week, for example, loyalists will gather in Washington to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Nader's Public Interest Research Groups and Public Citizen. These days, Nader has no qualms about trying to attract "fat cat" contributors: the dinner will cost $1,000 a plate. The money will go for a new building from which the groups can fight a holding action, until the day consumer protection once again becomes a national priority. Nader, mellower and a bit grayer than in his days as a corporate Goliath slayer, is optimistic that the tide will again turn. Says he: "The Reagan Administration's approach will boomerang. The more they succeed, the more they assure their ultimate failure." —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

Steps on the Road to Realism

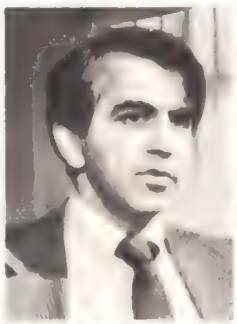
One Democrat's formula for "New Liberalism"

Nothing stimulates an agonizing reappraisal more than a devastating defeat. The first liberal Democrat to emerge from the ashes of last November's election with a clearly reasoned answer to the question of "What now?" is Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts. In a new book called *The Road from Here* (Knopf, $12.95), he argues that the hard realities facing the U.S. will force liberal members of his own party to abandon many of their cherished political assumptions.

The son of emigrants from Greece, and a Republican himself until the mid-1960s, Tsongas abandoned some of his own New Deal assumptions well before Reagan's victory. The crux of Tsongas' revisionism was a rejection of the belief that government can solve all social problems with new programs, an acknowledgment that capital formation and business growth are important for a healthy economy, and the realization that military resolve and a hard-nosed foreign policy are necessary to counter the Soviet threat. Tsongas, who was elected to the Senate in 1978, was singled out as a potential spokesman for the "new liberalism" after a speech he made a year ago to the Americans for Democratic Action, a bastion of liberal purity.

Criticism that he was merely rejecting liberal values without offering a nonconservative alternative prompted Tsongas to expand his ideas into a book. He writes: "The core of this book is realism —nonideological, clear-eyed realism." It is devoted to the analysis of eight salient "realities" that will determine America's future: energy sources, Soviet aggressiveness, economic growth rates, finite natural resources, stirrings in the Third World, international trade, an overburdened environment and inflation.

On energy, for example, Tsongas argues that continued reliance on a finite, diminishing resource like oil is dangerous both to the economy and to national security. Instead, he advocates greater use of nuclear power while trying to speed up the transition to other, renewable forms of energy. He also contends that the antimilitarism of many American liberals, a legacy from the Viet Nam War, is outmoded in the face of the Soviet threat. The U.S., Tsongas believes, must seek rough military equivalence with the U.S.S.R. while pursuing arms control negotiations, taking care to avoid either aggravating or ignoring the Soviets' aggressive tendencies.

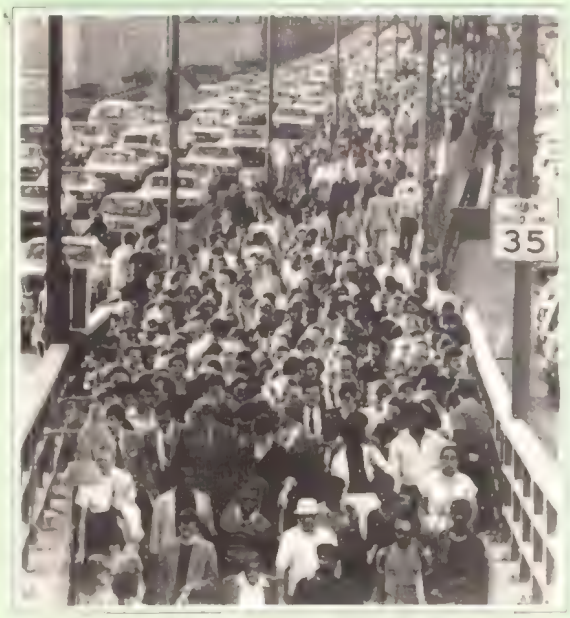


Senator Paul Tsongas

On economic issues, Tsongas sounds a bit like the Republican he once was. He says that traditional Democratic concerns, such as industrial safety and worker's rights, should take second place to insuring that the economy is performing well. Says he: "A stagnant economy is, by definition, illiberal." Righting the economy, Tsongas argues, requires new incentives for savings and investment. He strongly opposes, however, Reagan's supply-side theology on the ground that across-the-board tax cuts are inflationary because they will stimulate consumption rather than productivity.

Not that Tsongas rejects all traditional liberalism. The years he spent in Ethiopia and the West Indies as a Peace Corps volunteer helped shape his strong belief that American support of repressive authoritarian regimes will lead inevitably to unrest and to meddling by the Soviets and their clients. Tsongas' hand-wringing concern about acid rain, the disposal of nuclear wastes and other threats to the environment ("We are treating Mother Earth like a giant garbage can") is conventionally Naderistic.

The book's major drawback is that it leaves the reader yearning for precisely what Tsongas avoids: a commanding and comprehensive vision that goes beyond case-by-case solutions to current problems. What the junior Senator from Massachusetts has done is begin stepping off some of the boundaries on the uncertain terrain of a new liberalism. ■



Stranded straphangers marching across Brooklyn Bridge

Once More, with Aplomb

New York, New York, a hell-uv-a town! The Bronx is up but the Battery's down. And so it seemed last Wednesday, when the battery ran down again in Manhattan. This time the lights went out from the Battery to Wall Street through Greenwich Village and as far north as 42nd Street. The blackout came just before rush hour when a substation transformer exploded. On Wall Street, the looting was lighter than usual; the stock exchanges had to close early. The streets around Macy's and Gimbels were packed with evicted shoppers. Only the dead tired knew Brooklyn, as thousands of stranded straphangers hoofed across the bridge. Power was restored before the sun set over the Hudson. "It was an act of God," pronounced Mayor Ed Koch, adding hastily, "Of course, anything God does is O.K. with me."

Oh, yes, that same day the U.S. Supreme Court affirmed a lower-court ruling halting New York's mayoral primary, which was set to begin the next morning. The city had not received proper clearance from the Justice Department for a redistricting plan that is likely to reduce the percentage of minorities on the city council.

The following day, an unemployed former Green Beret named John Carta dropped from a small plane, popped open a parachute, and landed safely amid startled tourists on top of the 110-story World Trade Center. The city was back to normal.

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God and Mammon in Chicago

Cardinal Cody's finances are under investigation

John Cardinal Cody, 73, has aroused passionate reactions ever since he was appointed Archbishop of Chicago in 1965. His detractors found him cold, arrogant and aloof, given to acting arbitrarily without consulting lower church officials. His supporters praised his generally strong record on civil rights and his relatively efficient administration of the nation's largest Roman Catholic archdiocese (2.4 million members).

But friends and foes alike were shocked by allegations last week that Cody diverted up to $1 million in tax-free church funds to enrich a longtime friend, Helen Dolan Wilson, 74. The Chicago *Sun-Times*, which had been investigating Cody's financial affairs for 18 months, splashed its findings across six pages. The newspaper reported, accurately, that a U.S. grand jury is investigating the charges. It is the first time that a church official of Cody's rank has ever been the subject of a federal investigation. "This is the biggest thing since the Chicago fire," said a local lawyer. Cody promised to respond "when all of the allegations, false and otherwise, have been made and clarified." He added: "When one is falsely accused, one wonders what is the reason."

No one around Cody was denying that he and Wilson have been close friends for decades. The two grew up together in the same Irish Catholic neighborhood in St. Louis. Wilson's father married Cody's aunt in 1913, and they have described themselves as "cousins." Cody had helped Wilson obtain a clerical job in the St. Louis Archdiocese that she held for 25 years. She was a prominent guest at religious ceremonies in which Cody participated. She accompanied him to Rome for his 1967 induction into the College of Cardinals.

According to the *Sun-Times*, Wilson has been able to accumulate a personal fortune of $1 million despite her small salary and modest family circumstances. She was awarded only $50 a month in child support and $1 a month in alimony when she divorced her husband in 1939. Her work at the St. Louis Archdiocese, though secure, paid little, and her pension is less than $1,500 a year. Yet Wilson allegedly indulged a taste for furs and designer clothes and held an expensive country-club membership. In 1970 she built a $100,000 home in Boca Raton, Fla., since sold. The Cardinal is said to have paid Wilson a secret church salary of up to $11,500 during a six-year period from 1969 to 1975 when she leased and furnished a luxury apartment on Chicago's Gold Coast. She now divides her time between a $61,000 condominium in Boca Raton and a $500-a-month apartment in St. Louis. Informed of the newspaper's charges against her last week, Wilson called them "a vicious joke."

While Wilson was amassing her wealth, the *Sun-Times* said, Cody controlled two church accounts containing more than $1 million. The money was supposed to be used for donations to bishops and priests for official visits to Chicago and to pay his household expenses. The accounts were never audited by the church because they were intended for use at Cody's discretion. Cody is reported by the *Sun-Times* to have told associates that he paid for the Boca Raton home out of personal funds saved up over the years.

The archbishop, left, and Helen Dolan Wilson with Pope Paul VI in Rome in June 1967

Furs, country clubs and assets of $1 million on a small salary and a smaller pension.

Cody himself lives unostentatiously. Though his friendship with Wilson is common knowledge in ecclesiastical circles, Cody told a Chicago columnist in 1973: "I simply don't have the time to have what you'd call a best friend or a close friend ... In my position as a religious leader, there is no need for any best friends. Everyone is my friend."

Eugene Kennedy, a Loyola University psychologist and former Chicago priest, describes Cody as "an old-fashioned prelate who had teethed on a ring of ambition. He climbed to the top of the largest Catholic diocese in the country just as its foundations began to swell and crack from the pressure of change." Cody went to Chicago from New Orleans, where he was known as a liberal archbishop for boldly integrating its parochial schools. But his reputation soured in the 1970s, especially when he closed four inner-city Chicago schools for economy reasons at the same time he spent $4 million for an elaborate closed-circuit church television network. He has resisted a Vatican-encouraged trend to give priests and parishioners more say in diocesan affairs.

The archdiocese, meanwhile, has been conducting a vigorous attack against the *Sun-Times* ever since it learned of the paper's interest in Cody's finances. Through its own publication, the *Chicago Catholic*, the archdiocese accused the *Sun-Times* of harassment and intimidation. In denying the charges against Cody last week, church leaders pointedly noted that the newspaper had editorially opposed the U.S. Catholic hierarchy's position against abortion and in favor of government aid to parochial schools.

In Chicago, where scandals involving major figures are hardly uncommon, the case against Cody is already being called, half jokingly, Godscam. But Cody is a sick man with a bad heart that requires nearly constant medical attention. He is less than two years from the church's customary retirement age of 75 for bishops. The Vatican has so far refused to comment on the charges against Cody, though some church sources in Rome believe he has been the subject of an unfair campaign of vilification. Even if Cody is indicted, which would probably lead to his resignation as archbishop, it would be unusual if he lost the title of Cardinal, which is a personal honor, bestowed by the Pope, and almost never revoked.

At week's end journalists were looking into other archdiocesan finances, including the purchase of insurance and pension plans through a St. Louis broker named David Wilson, who is Helen's son. Cody's supporters, and even many of his enemies, were hoping that the charges against him were groundless and that the aging prelate would eventually be allowed to leave his post—not as he had held it, but quietly. —***By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago***

EGYPT

Democracy with a Bite

Sadat cracks down hard on an unfocused but growing opposition

An angry President at his press conference: "I am facing fanaticism on both sides"

"In Egypt you will find an island of love, friendship and democracy—an open country with happy people who have hope for the future." So said Anwar Sadat just two years ago. Today the President of Egypt might have trouble locating many knowledgeable Egyptians who would endorse so sanguine an assessment of the national life.

Concerned by rising militancy among Islamic fundamentalists who object to his secular and pro-Western policies, Sadat has launched a crackdown on dissidents of all persuasions. Over the past two weeks, more than 1,600 of the regime's most vocal opponents—Islamic and Christian militants, political activists, lawyers, journalists, professors—have been rounded up and imprisoned, to stand trial beginning this week. The charges: fomenting sectarian sedition, undermining stability, or simply violating the measure Sadat pushed through last year, known as the "Law of Shame," that makes it illegal to propagate rumors damaging to the state. Fifteen religious societies have been disbanded, virtually all dissenting publications have been closed down, independent mosques have been "nationalized," and Pope Shenouda III of the Coptic Christian Church has been exiled to a desert monastery.

Sadat, with his usual candor, called the wave of arrests a "purge." It was also one of the riskiest gambles he has taken during his eleven years in power. At first he seemed undaunted by the effect that the campaign might have on his reputation abroad as a world statesman. But then he took the unusual step of summoning Egyptian and foreign journalists to his home village of Mit Abu el Kom to explain his action. At the press conference Sadat declared: "I am facing fanaticism on both sides, and I am trying to remedy it." Alluding to the rise of Islamic fundamentalism in Iran that overthrew the Shah, Sadat insisted he faced no similar threat. Said he: "Don't fear that we will have a Khomeini here." He insisted that his government was based on democratic principles. "Democracy, when it bites, has fiercer claws than dictators" because "democracy defends the mass population of the country."

When a U.S. reporter asked whether he had consulted President Reagan about the crackdown beforehand, Sadat rightly dismissed the question as impertinent, later adding, in bitter jest: "In other times, I would have shot you, but it is democracy I am really suffering from as much as I am suffering from the opposition."

To prove his contention that he was supported by "99.9%" of Egypt's 43 million people, Sadat hastily called a nationwide referendum. As he had predicted, over 99% of the 11 million Egyptians who went to the polls endorsed Sadat's call for "national unity."

Sadat had alleged in a weekend address following the arrests that an elaborate conspiracy was under way aimed at undermining his authority. Sadat fears that his secular enemies are hoping to bring him down not by a coup (he firmly controls the army) or at the polls (where he seems invincible) but by fomenting trouble between the Muslim and Christian communities in the hope of creating national chaos. In his speech, Sadat accused both religious and political enemies of "conniving together" to exaggerate several recent incidents of unrest, including a domestic quarrel between a Muslim family and a Christian family last June that had led to three days of clashes and at least 17 deaths. The event itself was unimportant, said Sadat, but was exploited by the regime's religious opponents as well as two legal opposition groups. The national security, declared Sadat, demanded the detention and trial of those who stirred up religious strife

It quickly became obvious, however, that the President's targets were not limited to those specific troublemakers. The net had simply been spread too wide for Sadat to argue that the campaign was any-

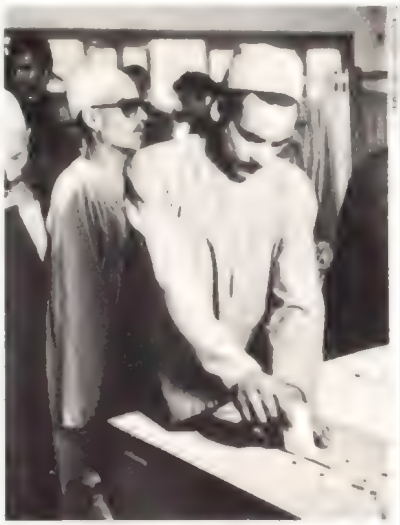
thing but an across-the-board attack on the opposition. Also rounded up by police were a number of political figures and other notables—including Journalist Mohammed Heikal and the elderly head of the now-defunct New Wafd Party, Fuad Seraged-Din—who obviously had no connection with the incident in June. At the end of his address, Sadat ordered the suspension of seven opposition publications and the transfer of 67 journalists from state-owned newspapers and broadcasting services to less sensitive posts.

Then, to the surprise of his audience, Sadat declared that he had revoked a 1971 presidential directive affirming Shenouda as the leader of Egypt's 6 million Coptic Christians, who form 14% of the population. Sadat accused Shenouda of failing to assist his government in quelling sectarian strife. Among the detainees were eight Coptic bishops, 13 priests and 125 alleged lay activists, as well as 55 secular dissidents and intellectuals.

But the real target of Sadat's sweeping clampdown is the Islamic fundamentalists, who object to his eagerness to bring Western business into the country and to his dealings with the Israelis. Among the Muslims seized were Omar Telmissani, 75, head of the outlawed Muslim Brotherhood, and Dr. Hilmy Gazzar, leader of militant student groups, along with 28 of his lieutenants. Later, an additional 54 Islamic activists were arrested in Alexandria.

A total of 40,000 independent mosques, which had operated without government supervision and were often the centers of denunciations of the Sadat regime, were "nationalized," meaning that their imams (preachers) are to be replaced by "enlightened," government-sanctioned Islamic leaders. Complained one fundamentalist: "Every Muslim has his favorite sheik and his favorite mosque. How is he going to feel when he goes to pray on Friday and finds a government employee there instead?"

Sadat was widely criticized abroad last week for demonstrating so vividly that Egypt is not a fully realized democracy —which of course it is not and has never been. Sadat has long dreamed of establishing real democracy in Egypt, even though he has at times felt obliged to put security and order ahead of political freedom. When he sees a threat to his regime building up, he does not hesitate to hit back hard. He did so in 1971 and again in 1978, and he is doing so now against the threat, however unfocused it may be at present, of a Khomeini-style fundamentalist revolt in the Cairo streets.



Villagers casting votes in the referendum

A storm on the "island of love."

Sadat's current difficulties do not stem specifically from his country's poverty, or the widening gap between the haves and have nots, or the astonishingly conspicuous consumption by the very rich, although these are all elements. It is rather that, in the face of a concatenation of problems, including the phenomenal rise of Islamic fervor in recent decades, Sadat badly needs another triumph to keep the disparate elements of opposition from coalescing into a critical mass. He became an instant hero in October 1973 when he sent his army across the Suez Canal to drive back the Israelis. He caught the popular imagination again when he went to Jerusalem in 1977, and the following year when he signed the Camp David accords.

The momentum of those accomplishments may continue, to some degree, until next April, when Egyptians will celebrate the final return of the Israeli-occupied Sinai to their control. In the meantime, internal pressure will mount on Sadat to demonstrate the validity of his policies toward Israel, preferably in the form of some sort of self-determination for the Palestinians on the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Sadat is committed to this goal. "This is my fate," he has told TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn on several occasions. "I have accepted my fate."

Sadat believes that this goal can be achieved only by direct influence from the U.S. As he is fond of saying, "In this game, the U.S. holds 95% of the cards." Indeed, one explanation for the timing of Sadat's crackdown is that he wanted President Reagan, in his talks with Prime Minister Begin, to press Israel to settle the Palestinian issue and thus strengthen Egypt's position in the Arab world. The Reagan Administration, in turn, realizes the importance of Sadat's role in the region. Says one top State Department official: "Sadat is the keystone of our policies." Thus, however secure Sadat may appear to be at present, his continuing troubles are a call for haste. *—By William E. Smith. Reported by Nathaniel Harrison and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Cairo*

Back to the Fundamentals

It is a phenomenon that has become startlingly visible over the past year in Cairo. Along the city's crowded sidewalks, on university campuses and in offices, young Egyptian women who once wore the latest in Western fashion are turning to Islamic dress. Many of them cover their heads with either a long scarf or a knitted "helmet" that descends from the head to the shoulders. Others shield the entire face, leaving only two eye openings in the veil. Despite temperatures that commonly range up to 95° F, the women wear gloves and stockings.

Males could increasingly be seen in flowing robes called *gallabiya*—that is, until the robes were forbidden by President Sadat last week. Devout young Muslims also favor trim beards, which some men were hastily shaving to escape detection in the roundup of religious dissidents. By adopting these modes of traditional attire, young Egyptians are manifesting a new Islamic fervor that is symptomatic of the opposition to Sadat's secular, pro-Western regime.

Many of the young opponents of Sadat belong to a loose network of Islamic societies known as El Gamaa El Islamia, which have become the predominant social and political force at the country's universities. The dissidents are angered by their bleak job prospects after graduation and the fact that Sadat has opened the country to Western investment, products and personnel. The young fundamentalists are active proselytizers, prodding conventional Muslim students to take Islam more seriously and disrupting "decadent" activities like dancing and coeducational parties.

Ironically, it was Sadat who first encouraged the formation of the Islamic groups back in the early 1970s to counter the influence of Marxists and other leftists on the campuses. Since then, however, the Islamic students have repeatedly clashed with his regime, notably over Egypt's peace treaty with Israel and Sadat's hospitality to the Shah of Iran last year.

Many Egyptian officials believe that the sort of militant Islam now enjoying a renaissance is not sufficiently attractive to the majority of Egyptians to pose a danger to Sadat's rule. But observers caution that should the religious militants ever link up with secular dissidents, they could prove to be a potent challenge indeed to the President.

POLAND

Baiting the Soviet Bear

Solidarity calls for more union freedom around the bloc

It began innocuously enough with three days of mind-numbing procedural debates and dreary readings of committee reports, all about as interesting as the minutes of the last PTA meeting. But on its fourth day, the national congress of the independent Solidarity union federation suddenly erupted into a full-fledged political convention, complete with floor fights, rousing speeches and foot-stomping ovations. Before the 892 delegates had finished their work late last week, they fired off a volley of provocative resolutions that struck at the very heart of Communist authority—both at home and abroad. That action stirred TASS, the Soviet Union's news agency, to charge that Solidarity was engaged in "an anti-socialist and anti-Soviet orgy" and was preparing for a seizure of power.

First came a demand that the Polish parliament call a national referendum on the crucial issue of worker self-management. Under pressure from the union, the government had already put its own limited proposal on the issue before parliament. But Solidarity was now insisting on a far more sweeping plan that would give local workers' councils at most industrial enterprises broad decision-making powers, including the right to choose their own plant managers. Should the legislators fail to call a referendum and instead enact the government bill, the union threatened to boycott the law and "carry out the reforms in our own way."

There followed an even more audacious resolution calling on labor activists throughout the Soviet bloc to fight for their own unions, just as the workers in Poland did when they formed Solidarity after a nationwide strike wave in August 1980. The statement pledged Solidarity's support to "those of you who have decided to enter the difficult road of struggle for free and independent unions. We trust that our representatives can meet soon to share experiences." That motion's near unanimous passage sent a roar of applause echoing through the cavernous, flag-draped Olivia Sports Hall that housed the six-day convention in Gdansk.

Finally, the delegates boldly turned political by calling for free elections to parliament and local legislative bodies instead of the present system of party-controlled candidacies. In effect, the vote was a demand for Western-style representative democracy.

There were some limits to the delegates' temerity: they rejected a proposal to delete from union statutes a key phrase recognizing the Communist Party's "leading role" in national affairs. But then such expunging hardly seemed necessary. The convention had already challenged the party's monopoly of economic control and political power. Moreover, the meeting had raised the specter of "counterrevolutionary" contagion in the Soviet bloc, which Moscow and its allies have feared since Poland's labor rebellion first began to acquire cohesion.

Walesa voting with fellow delegates

"This will be my dictatorship."

The Soviets reacted to the Solidarity resolutions with an outburst of angry invective. The appeal to the workers of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, said TASS, was an "openly provocative and impudent" act engineered by "a whole conglomeration of counterrevolutionaries of every ilk, including agents of imperialist secret services, all who hate socialism and the people's power in Poland."

But the strongest—and most ominous—Soviet condemnation of Solidarity's actions was the release by TASS of a letter said to have been approved by over 70,000 Soviet workers and addressed to their Polish brethren. The letter charged that Solidarity had discarded "all camouflage" and was calling "directly for a counterrevolution." The resolution urging workers to form their own unions was said to contain "nothing but malice toward socialism. Such provocations have always aroused anger and protest in the Soviet people. No other sentiments can be expected by those who raise their hands against a country and a heroic people to whom Poland and the leaders of Solidarity themselves owe their existence."

The Kremlin's tough talk was backed up by an impressive display of military might last week as some 100,000 troops staged war games in the western Soviet Union. Despite the scope of the exercises, U.S. experts did not believe that the operation, code-named West 81, presaged any imminent intervention in Poland.

In the face of this massive show of force, Solidarity's advice to the workers of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union that they have nothing to lose but their chains seemed to be no more than a bit of rhetorical nose thumbing. There are few signs of labor activism in any other Warsaw Pact country, nor is Solidarity taking any concrete steps to help launch free unions elsewhere. More than anything, the declaration was a statement of principle. Said Andrzej Gwiazda, Solidarity's second in command: "The resolution was something from deep in our hearts." There is little likelihood, either, of any imminent popular agitation for democratic elections in Poland.

But a real and dangerous battle is brewing over the issue of worker self-management, for with it rides the question of who will control the nation's economy. Blaming the country's worsening economic crisis on the blunders of central government planning, Solidarity officials and advisers claim that their self-management plan holds the only hope for national recovery —and they are determined to carry it out. As Andrzej Celinski, secretary of Solidarity's national coordinating committee, told the convention last week: "It has become clear that we must take the improvement of [the economy] into our own hands."

Warsaw's authorities are equally determined to resist the union's far-reaching plan. Explains one worried government official: "This puts Solidarity up against the middle ranks of the party bureaucracy. Control of the economy is all they have left. If they no longer control the personnel who run the econo-

Soviet helicopters and SA-4 missiles taking part in war games

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my, they have no power at all. They will not retreat on this issue."

Still, there might be some grounds for compromise between the union and government plans for self-management. Says Central Committee Ideologist Walery Namiotkiewicz: "A flexible attitude is needed here. There are some enterprises [such as industries related to national security and defense] that can only be managed by the state because of what they produce. But for the vast majority the range of self-government is very large."

Even as the self-management resolution was being passed, workers at the huge Katowice steelworks in the south voted that the state-appointed plant manager should be sacked and "carted off in a wheelbarrow" for suppressing publication of the local Solidarity newsletter. The government contemptuously refused to comply, and it was unclear what actions the workers might take to enforce the vote.

Just before Solidarity's meeting, Union Chairman Lech Walesa said in an interview with the Cracow party daily that he was fed up with radicals trying to politicize the organization. Said he: "The truth is that when the tanks move in I will meet them first. They [the radicals] will escape, but I will not. What are they up to?" At the conference, Walesa took no part in the debates over the controversial resolutions. Sitting quietly in his front-row seat, chain-smoking cigarettes, the former electrician said it was "my turn to listen." But he finally spoke up to oppose a move to dismantle the centralized union power structure that he heads.

Standing at the wooden lectern, beneath the emblem of a silver Polish eagle and a crucifix, Walesa told the delegates. "I am in the union to win battles and not to lose them. But if we do not have a strong leadership, we shall be losing battles." He added: "This will be my dictatorship for the coming two years. When we have nothing, and are headed for a clash quite soon, we have to be hasty and somewhat dictatorial." Criticizing the delegates for their internal bickering, he said that some of them were acting "like a bunch of clowns."

Later the convention gave Walesa its endorsement, but whether he can run his "dictatorship" and keep the radicals in check, let alone carry out his strategy of undercutting them before Solidarity's next meeting later this month, remains to be seen. Emboldened by the passage of last week's resolutions, the advocates of confrontation may ultimately seize control of the fledgling labor movement, especially if the country's economic debacle drives frustrated Poles to the boiling point. Said one government official in Warsaw: "The hard-liners in Solidarity play into the hands of the hard-liners in the party and vice versa. I am very worried that they will get the confrontation they seem to want." —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/Warsaw*

IRAN

More Martyrs, More Blood

As his opposition grows, Khomeini urges his forces to fight on

Sometime on the night of Sept. 4, a contingent of heavily armed Islamic guards arrived at Evin Prison in northwest Tehran in a caravan of largely empty Jeeps and minibuses. As sleepy—and astonished—prison guards watched, the intruders rounded up some 150 prisoners, many of whom had recently been incarcerated for political crimes by the fundamentalist courts of the beleaguered Khomeini regime. Corralled into groups of eight to ten, the prisoners were led outside to the waiting vehicles. When some guards objected to the mysterious procedure, they were crisply told to mind their own business.

TIME has learned through sources within the Khomeini regime that the prisoners, including a number of teen-agers, were taken from Evin to unknown locations and murdered. Relatives of other executed dissidents stumbled upon "mounds of untended bodies" at Behesht-e Zahra Cemetery, south of Tehran, and were able to identify some as the missing prisoners. SAVAK agents under the Shah once used the same cemetery as a dumping ground for their murdered victims, burying the bodies in unmarked graves. For the first time since Iran's clerical government took over in February 1979, the mass execution was not announced with Khomeini's customary boldness.

The secret massacre may signal a new phase of the Iranian revolution. Confronted by the growing power of the Mujahedin-e Khalq (People's Crusaders), who have assassinated some 200 officials and clerical leaders since June, Khomeini has responded with a campaign to round up and execute political enemies. The toll thus far, over 1,000 killed and 10,000 imprisoned. Observers in Tehran believe adverse reactions both within Iran and abroad to the spate of killing have driven Khomeini's forces to adopt the late Shah's clandestine methods.

In a radio address, Khomeini warned leaders of the fundamentalist Islamic Republic Party that parliament was a likely target for bombing by insurrectionist forces. He then strove to assure Iranians that Iran is "the most stable country in the world." After naming Ayatullah Mohammed Reza Mahdavi Kani, a former interior minister, as Prime Minister to replace the assassinated Mohammed Javad Bahonar, the Imam intoned: "When a Prime Minister is assassinated, another is appointed the same day, and when a President is assassinated, another is elected right on schedule."

Meanwhile, the Mujahedin and other anti-Khomeini forces attacked Islamic guards in Tehran and elsewhere. The guerrillas reportedly dragged five Islamic guards out of a Tehran shop and executed them on a street corner; they were also said to have killed 26 personal envoys of Khomeini in revolutionary courts around the country. In Tabriz, a man exploded a hand grenade strapped to his waist, killing himself. Khomeini Aide Ayatullah Assadollah Madani and at least six others as they participated in noon prayers. At week's end, for the first time since the ouster of President Abolhassan Banisadr, anti-Khomeini demonstrators took to the streets to vent their anger.

Broadcasting for the second time in three days, Khomeini threatened his opponents with "incessant sword strokes to the head" and exhorted his followers not to "shy away from martyrdom." Said one source in close contact with the struggle in Iran: "It is a civil war in all but name." ■

Ayatullah Khomeini, right, at a Cabinet meeting with newly appointed Prime Minister Kani

Falling back on the Shah's tactics of secret killings and hidden burials.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Uneasy Calm

The hunger strike loses force

Since an emaciated Bobby Sands died in Maze Prison near Belfast four months ago, nine other hunger strikers have starved themselves to death. Outside the prison, some 50 persons have been killed in violent and emotional incidents generated by the battle of wills in the H-block section of the prison. The Provisional Irish Republican Army, which organized the strike, gained a propaganda victory, attracted new recruits and got financial contributions from the U.S. But now that may be changing. Under increasing pressure from families of the prisoners and the Roman Catholic Church —combined with the refusal of Britain's government to grant the prisoners "political" status—the hunger strikers' campaign seems to be losing its momentum.

As Laurence McKeown, 24, neared death after 70 days of starvation, his family last week asked authorities to take measures to save him. Only two days before, the relatives of Matthew Devlin, 31, stopped his fast after 46 days, when he had difficulty breathing. In all, four hunger strikers have been saved by their families in the five weeks since the relatives of Patrick Quinn, 29, intervened when he was in a weakened state. So far, none of them has resumed his fast.

Although six prisoners continued to refuse food, the interventions by strikers' families have damaged I.R.A. credibility and hurt the morale of H-block prisoners. But the protest movement was dealt an even more severe blow last week when leaders of an I.R.A. offshoot organization, the paramilitary Irish National Liberation Army, refused "for the present" to allow more of its members to join the hunger strike. (Three of the 32 I.N.L.A. prisoners in H-block have died so far.) Said an I.N.L.A. statement: "All of our prisoners would be dead within six months. It is obvious now that the British government is being far more intransigent than we had expected."

Leading Catholic clergymen have been increasingly vocal in expressing their misgivings about the wisdom of the hunger strike. Father Denis Faul, a chaplain at Maze Prison, has called on the I.R.A. to end the fasts. The Most Rev. Cahal Daly, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise in the Irish Republic, has condemned the "sick charade of guns and volleys fired over dead bodies at funerals." After two young Protestant police officers were killed last week by an I.R.A. land mine, Tomás Cardinal O'Fiaich, the Primate of All Ireland, declared: "This act must be called by its proper name of murder. I plead for an immediate end to this cruel and senseless carnage."

Last week the government of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher welcomed "the decision of some prisoners or their families to end this distressing protest," in the words of a British official. The hard-line position may have paid off for the moment, but the H-block crisis has further polarized Catholic and Protestant factions in Northern Ireland and revived anti-British feeling in the Irish Republic. Says Bishop Edward Daly of Derry: "Whether the hunger strike crumbles or not, a lot has been lost." ■

Return of the Last Exile

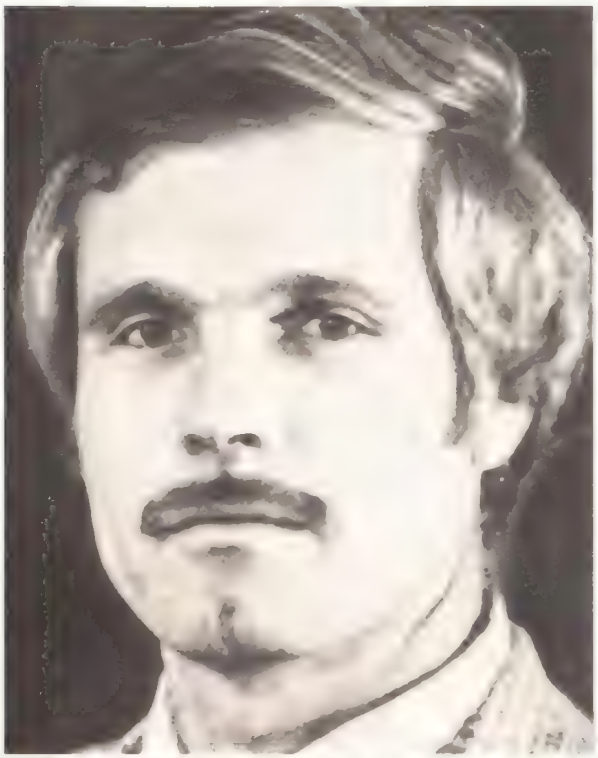
"*Bienvenido!*" trumpeted *Diario 16*, a Madrid daily, in joyous welcome. To the applause of hundreds who had gathered at Madrid's Barajas Airport, Iberian Airlines Flight No. 952 touched down safely at 8:30 one morning last week with its priceless cargo. Stepping from the plane, Spanish Culture Minister Iñigo Cavero emotionally proclaimed: "The last exile has returned home today."

The jubilant occasion was the repatriation of *Guernica*, Pablo Picasso's stark protest against the savagery of war, which had come to symbolize Spanish hopes for democracy. Picasso had been commissioned by the Republican government of Spain to paint the mural for the Spanish pavilion at the 1937 International Exhibition in Paris. The Spanish civil war had already begun, and when German bombers supporting General Francisco Franco's fascist forces leveled the Basque town of Guernica, Picasso made the act the theme of the painting. After Franco's forces won the war, Picasso—who never returned to Spain as a protest against the Franco dictatorship—decreed that *Guernica* not be delivered to Spain until "public liberties" had been restored. Picasso died in 1973, two years before Franco.

In June, Picasso's lawyer and heirs agreed that Spain was now sufficiently democratic to meet his wishes. Under tight security, the painting was transferred from New York's Museum of Modern Art, where it had hung since 1939, to Madrid's Prado Museum. Ironically, one of the 20th century's most passionate protests against violence will have to be protected by special bulletproof glass. *Guernica* will be formally unveiled on Oct. 25, the centenary of Picasso's birth.

Here's the score

CNN 85-NETS 6



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CHINA

Let a Hundred Flowers Wilt

After allowing stirrings of protest, the government turns tough

The charges ring disturbingly of the past: "Brazenly opposing the party's leadership, deviating from the orbit of socialism, desiring and envying the decadent, bourgeois way of life in the West." These and similar superheated phrases appearing in the Chinese press these days recall the years when the late Mao Tse-tung carried out his frenzied and reckless campaigns for ideological purity in China. Though the more moderate post-Mao leadership in Peking had repeatedly promised not to resume such repression, the official press has recently bristled with attacks on people who are said to hold "corrosive, erroneous ideas" and to fan "aimless, evil winds." Having lived through the Cultural Revolution of 1966-1976 and other waves of terror against individualism, many Chinese are bracing themselves for a new political campaign designed to impose obedience to the Communist Party's dictates.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY DAVID SUTER

It was Deputy Party Chairman Deng Xiaoping, China's most powerful leader, who had permitted a modicum of dissent in the late 1970s, much as Mao had launched his short-lived "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom" movement in 1957. Now Deng too has had second thoughts about the first faint burgeonings of freedom he inspired. Lately Deng has complained that the relative relaxation of recent years has led to a host of "unhealthy tendencies," most notably in literature and art. The press has referred darkly to the emergence of an artistic "counterculture" and complained of stories and plays that "propagate pessimism, nihilism and ultraindividualism," meaning in Deng's words, "opposition to the leadership of the party." In the spring, Bai Hua, a well-known writer, was viciously attacked by the *Liberation Army Daily* for a screenplay called *Bitter Love* that, the paper charged, showed "hatred for our party and our socialist motherland." More ominously, say Chinese sources, Deng has named at least ten writers who will be singled out in the months ahead as targets of a national campaign of "criticism and self-criticism."

Even Chinese leaders, like Deng himself, have stressed that the current campaign will produce nothing like the sweeping repression of the past, when tens of thousands were indiscriminately shipped off to labor camps or killed. Nor does it seem that China's leaders are preparing to impose anything like the absolute uniformity in literature and art that was ordained during the Cultural Revolution. But the new crackdown has had a dampening effect on many writers and artists who had been hoping that the government would allow ever greater degrees of free expression.

The repression began early this year when the Communist Party embarked on a no-nonsense effort to crush the stubborn remains of the "democracy movement" that had flourished in 1978 and 1979. Most of the activities, particularly putting up posters on Peking's "democracy wall," had already been banned by the party in 1980. Several of the liberals' most articulate spokesmen were arrested that year, including Liu Qing, deputy editor of the most widely circulated underground journal, *April 5th Forum*.

This year China's leaders set out to stamp out the more than 50 small underground journals that had blossomed during the movement's headier days. Though the journals were crudely mimeographed publications with readerships of at most a few hundred each, they were formally banned by the Party Central Committee in February. "The conservatives in the military and in the security apparatus just couldn't stand the underground papers," says one diplomat who is based in Peking. "They were determined to eradicate the dissident movement once and for all and, in this, they have been pretty successful."

The result has been a series of arrests, mostly of underground editors who had persisted in publishing. One such paper was *Responsibility*, published by the rather grandly titled National Federation of Unofficial Publications. When a group of ten federation members from various cities assembled in Peking last April to discuss strategy, they were nabbed by police. Among the seized was Xu Wenli, 36, a railway electrician who had edited the *April 5th Forum* and was one of the democracy movement's most articulate spokesmen. Neither Xu nor any of the others has been seen or heard from. In the weeks that followed that roundup, provincial police swept down on various other editors outside Peking, putting an estimated 50 of them into custody. The government has continued to arrest other activists.

In recent months there have been few new arrests, but the general mood of the government is hardly one of tolerance. The party leadership embarked on a series of programs that are menacing reminders of the dangers of departing from ideological orthodoxy. For example, after a long period of neglect, political study sessions have once again become mandatory in schools, offices and factories. This month foreign correspondents in Peking were warned by a high-ranking official in the Foreign Ministry against giving favorable coverage to dissidents.

Much of this new stress on ideology and discipline has puzzled analysts who expected a period of relaxation to follow the harsh crackdown earlier this year. One possible explanation for the campaign is the leaders' concern that any slackness could produce the kind of discontent that erupted during the heyday of the democracy movement of 1978-1979. Another explanation postulates a political compromise between Deng and more conservative law-and-order forces within the party. Some analysts speculate that Deng wants to show party hard-liners he is not soft on dissent so they will go along with his ideological heresy of allowing greater participation by foreign capitalists in the country's economy and his effort to weed out old, incompetent Maoists from the bureaucracy.

Meanwhile, the country's disappointed artists and intellectuals will have to wait for better times to come. They will scarcely be encouraged by reading China's new constitution, which guarantees the right of free speech, of publication and of assembly—all freedoms that have been victims of the regime's new tough policies. —*By Richard Bernstein/Peking*

A Voice from Peking's Gulag

Jailed without a trial, a dissenter describes his ordeal

One of the early victims of the current Chinese drive to crush dissent was Liu Qing, deputy editor of the April 5th Forum, *the most widely respected of the unofficial journals that sprang up during the ill-fated democracy movement of 1978-79. A copy of Liu's account of how he challenged China's legal system and what happened to him afterward was recently smuggled out of the labor camp and obtained by* TIME. *Some excerpts:*

When Ren Wanding [head of the Chinese Human Rights League], Wei Jingsheng, Fu Yuehua, Chen Lu, Zhang Wenhe and others were arrested in March 1979, the event was followed closely by the Chinese and foreign press. Why this concern about the fate of a few ordinary Chinese citizens? It is because the arrests had created a cold March wind that was blowing across the Chinese political horizon.

Wei Jingsheng had violated the law against divulging secrets, but the court convicted him of two other more serious crimes and sentenced him to 15 years' imprisonment and a loss of his political rights for three years. This kind of harsh judgment is a mockery of the Chinese judicial system, and it is a warning to everyone to be very cautious in speaking one's mind. Real liberation of thought and true freedom of expression must wait until man is willing to struggle for them.

Liu took on the job of spreading the word about Wei's unjust punishment. "If I had not pointed out this unfairness," he writes, "I would have had to be either a coward or the worst kind of human being." On Nov. 11, 1979, Liu went to "democracy wall" in Peking to sell some of the 1,000 copies of the Wei trial transcript he had mimeographed. Agents of China's secret police, the Public Security Bureau (PSB) arrested some of the buyers. Liu then went to the PSB headquarters in Peking to seek redress for them.

I was confident that what I did was all legal and that the PSB had no legal basis to defend its arrests. After seriously thinking things over, I decided that I must never retreat. Those who enforce law must have respect for the law.

My insistence on the law and on legality enraged the PSB interrogators. Finally one of them said angrily: "Now that you are here, you don't have to answer our questions. But as long as you refuse to answer our questions, you'll never be allowed to leave."

I reminded them that detaining me without proper papers was illegal, and that I had no intention of submitting to illegal detention.

Their reply: "This is the office of the dictatorship."

Without a trial, Liu was detained for more than six months in prison, where, still insisting upon his innocence, still demanding that the authorities observe their own laws, he was held in solitary confinement for over five months. "Even for real criminals," he notes, "solitary confinement is illegal."

The period of my solitary confinement was not long and naturally it has not affected me very seriously. But changes are already noticeable. One day, I noticed a lot of loose hair on my sheet. When I looked at myself in the small mirror on the cell door I discovered that part of my head is already bald. The dampness and coldness in the cell, plus my habit of curling up in a corner for long periods must have been the cause of my swollen left foot which still gives me pain. My near-sightedness has considerably worsened. I started to talk to myself, sometimes loudly, debating with an imaginary opponent. I also try to recall some mathematical or physical problems and do exercises against the wall. Please don't laugh at me. I think a lot about my mother, worrying about the anxiety I have brought her in her old age. This makes me very sorrowful. I looked through a broken window in the toilet and saw a small patch of grassy ground near the foot of the high wall. The green blades appeared to have just emerged from the dark muddy soil. I was suddenly overcome by a strong desire—I wanted to get out and be closer to the grass!

Liu tells of how the PSB interrogators promised him he would be released if he would only confess to his crime of "violating the administration of public security." When Liu was allowed out of solitary, his sympathetic fellow prisoners gave him baths and mended his clothes. Some guards were friendly to him, but others came to take him away.

When I was brought back to the small cell my body was covered with blue wounds from the beating. I had been forced to wear a heavy gas mask that made it very hard for me to breathe, and I was laden with a heavy chain cutting into my flesh.

I met Zhang Wenhe, a founding member of the Chinese Human Rights League. Like me, Zhang also behaved badly in prison—constantly protesting and arguing with the guards. Consequently he also suffered more. He was forced to wear chains for several consecutive months, which gave him much pain and trouble whenever he tried to eat, go to the toilet or sleep. He was also forced to wear such headgear as a gas mask or a tank helmet after being cruelly beaten several times. His cell was close to mine. We were often let out of our cells at about the same time. By deliberately slowing down our steps we sometimes would get a chance to shake hands and to exchange a few words.

Liu Qing looking on as a friend copies Wei's trial transcript that led to the arrests

"True freedom of expression must wait until man is willing to struggle for it."

On July 21, 1980, still without having been tried, Liu was taken to a "labor reform camp" called Lianhua Temple in Hua County, Shaanxi province. Liu is scheduled to remain in the labor camp until November 1981. Liu evidently wanted the account of his ordeal to be sent to major Chinese newspapers and to Deng Xiaoping and other Peking leaders. "Dare you publish it?" Liu asks in a letter to the editors. "Judging by my limited wisdom, I believe I need not wait for the answer. In any case you may regard this material as a small gift from me that may entertain you during your leisure hours." In the 200-page account, Liu has a message for China's leaders. He asks for a public trial but acknowledges that officials have the power to ignore the law and punish him. "In any event," says Liu, "I am a little bird having fallen into your cage, and have no choice." ■

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Illustration for TIME by Robert Grossman

Economy & Business

COVER STORY

Making It Work

Despite choppy waters, the President holds steady on Reaganomics

"Can anyone here say that if we can't do it, someone down the road can do it? And if no one does it, what happens to the country? All of us here know the economy would face an eventual collapse. I know it's a hell of a challenge, but ask yourselves: If not us, who? If not now, when?"

With those stern words last week, Ronald Reagan ordered his Cabinet to find new ways of cutting as much as $15 billion out of next year's budget and a stunning $74 billion in 1983 and 1984. And with those demands, the President opened Chapter 2 in the history of Reaganomics, the Administration's bold plan to alter fundamentally the policy directions of the past half-century and to put the U.S. back on a course of steady, noninflationary growth after years of stagnation and inflation.

When Reagan left Washington in August for a monthlong vacation at his California ranch, he had just wrapped up Chapter 1 and had every reason to feel satisfied, even a bit smug. No President since Franklin D. Roosevelt had done so much so quickly to change the basic path of the American economy. Though critics had confidently predicted that Congress would never go along with his daring "supply-side" strategy of large budget cuts and deep tax reductions, Reagan had pushed his programs through the House and Senate virtually intact.

But back in the White House last week, the President had to face the sobering reality that his job of overhauling the U.S. economy has barely begun. Even before the program's first tax cut was to go into effect, on Oct. 1, doubts about Reaganomics were proliferating, notably on Wall Street and among Congressmen, aided and abetted by some economists and editorial pundits.

Despite the disquiet—even near panic in some sectors—the economy overall is doing surprisingly well in a number of ways. Near record interest rates have hampered growth, but most experts do not foresee anything like a major drop in the economy. To the contrary, after a period of sluggishness, industrial production is expected to rebound sharply. TIME's Board of Economists,* which met last week in New York City, predicted that by the second half of 1982 business would be growing at a robust 4% annual pace. Alice Rivlin, the director of the Congressional Budget Office and a guest participant at the meeting, reported that her office is assuming a 4% annual economic expansion in the years 1983 and 1984. Said she: "We are quite optimistic about the outlook for the economy."

What matters most to most Americans, as polls have shown in recent years, is inflation—and inflation is coming down. TIME's economists noted that price increases have slowed from 17.3% in the first quarter of 1980 to 10.8% during the past three months. It is not so far Reagan policy as much as his good luck that is responsible, but the economists now expect that inflation will fall even further next year, to 7.5%, and that will in good

*The board members: Otto Eckstein, Martin Feldstein, Alan Greenspan, Walter Heller, James McKie, Joseph Pechman, Charles Schultze.

measure be to the credit of his policies, with a lot of help from the Federal Reserve Board.

Why, then, the sudden outburst of postsummer anxiety, even before Reaganomics has a chance to show what it can do? Nearsightedness in a word. And a fear that, in the long run, Reagan cannot deliver what he has promised. Or, put another way, a mix of present pain and future lack of faith. A sizable part of the President's problem stems from the fact that the most vigorous critics of Reaganomics are focused on the short run: Congressmen worried about re-election next year, brokers buying and selling stocks minute by minute, businessmen who need loans.

But neither Reaganomics nor any plan for restoring business stability can be expected to work like an economic Valium tablet and provide instant relief. "It took us 20 years to get into this mess," says Getty Oil Co. Chairman Sidney Petersen. "We are not going to get out of it in the next 20 months." Adds James Howell, chief economist for the First National Bank of Boston: "Wall Streeters remind me of a mother on her daughter's wedding night. They just need to be a lot calmer, and we'll get through this."

For now, though, attention is focused on current troubles rather than on latent —and later—possibilities. Millions of families cannot afford loans for new homes or automobiles. Thousands of small businesses are going bankrupt. Says Dwayne Walls, 49, a home remodeler in Chapel Hill, N.C., who is stuck with ten unsold houses because of towering mortgage rates: "I really don't see any end to 20% money. The bankers just keep telling me to hang on, but I'm just one little itty-bitty speck in this whole thing. I don't understand what's going on."

Those high interest rates have paralyzed American financial markets. Stock prices have fallen to their lowest level in 15 months, and corporate bond values are reaching record depths. Says David Jones, chief economist for the Wall Street securities firm of Aubrey G. Lanston & Co.: "The feeling in the market is horrible. Prices just keep falling. It's utter frustration. Hopelessness."

Wall Street's main concern is the bulging federal deficit, which is $55.6 billion this year and rising. Government borrowing weighs heavily on credit markets already strained by brisk demand for business loans, including the huge sums to finance megabuck corporate mergers like that between Du Pont and Conoco. The Administration has predicted that the deficit will shrink to $42.5 billion in 1982, and disappear altogether by 1984. But those targets are fast slipping away. The Congressional Budget Office forecast last week that the deficit would be $65 billion in 1982 and would total an extra $50 billion in 1984. As the Federal Reserve continues to restrict the growth of the money supply in its fight to bring down inflation, such unrelenting credit demand from the Government is bound to keep interest rates high or force them even higher. As if to underline the deficit problem, the Senate will open debate as early as next week on a bill to raise the nation's debt ceiling beyond the $1 trillion mark, a figure whose symbolism, as well as size, is certain to catch headlines everywhere.

Concern about the deficit, interest rates and the slumping stock market was enough to persuade Reagan last week to try new versions on some parts of his economic program. During a 75-min. meeting on his first morning in the Oval Office after the Labor Day weekend, Budget Director David Stockman told the President that broad new cuts in federal spending would have to be made soon if Reagan were to have any chance of fulfilling his promise to erase the federal deficit by 1984 and restore business confidence. Said Stockman: "Wall Street is skeptical because they have seen a decade of broken promises. We have to make believers of them." The President agreed: "We've got to hold down the budget deficit and stay on target."

After the meeting, the White House announced that the President would soon propose major new cuts in federal spending. To emphasize his determination to balance the budget, Reagan has tentatively decided to trim $13 billion from his once sacrosanct defense spending goals over the next three years. His only alternative would be a politically risky move to reduce Social Security benefits. Defense, Social Security and interest on the national debt make up about 60% of the budget, and other programs have already been slashed to bare-bone levels, prompting street demonstrations by labor unions and other angry groups. Without rollbacks in Social Security or military spending, said Alice Rivlin last week as she testified before the House on the budget outlook, "you would simply have to close down the rest of the Government."

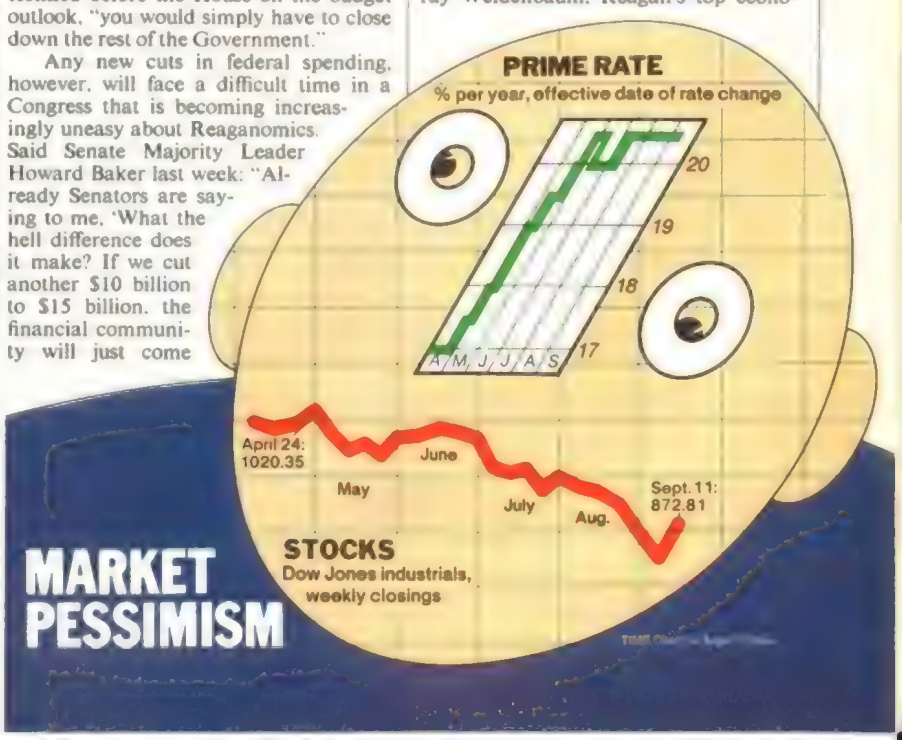
Any new cuts in federal spending, however, will face a difficult time in a Congress that is becoming increasingly uneasy about Reaganomics. Said Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker last week: "Already Senators are saying to me, 'What the hell difference does it make? If we cut another $10 billion to $15 billion, the financial community will just come back and ask for another $15 billion cut."

During the month the President was in California, legislators returned to their home districts, where many of them heard loud complaints about the level of interest rates. Said House Republican Leader Robert Michel of Illinois: "We can't live with a 20% prime. Something has got to give in the next 90 days." Added California Republican John H. Rousselot, a strong Reagan backer: "On a crisis scale of one to ten, I'd say we're about seven and climbing."

The President himself sowed many of the seeds of the current disillusionment by his boundless campaign promises and early, far too rosy economic predictions. Rather than adopting a Churchillian posture and admitting that it would take sacrifice and patience by all Americans to set the economy right, Reagan has steadily underplayed the pain involved. During last year's presidential campaign, he pledged that strong growth, less unemployment, lower inflation and a restoration of American military might were all just over his supply-side horizon.

Once the new Administration was in office, the happy talk continued. When the supply-side Reaganauts were preparing to unveil their economic plan last February, they used imaginative new computer models to project what would happen when their tax cuts took effect. The results were absurdly Pollyannaish. Growth in 1982 was going to surge to 7%, while inflation would fall to 6.5%.

Businessmen and economists immediately scoffed at the idea that the problems of sluggish growth and high inflation could be solved that quickly. Charles Schultze, former chief economic adviser to President Carter, called the Administration numbers "wishful thinking." Murray Weidenbaum, Reagan's top econo-



Administration officials meeting at the White House last week with leading outside advisers

"Some people are frustrated because we don't see instant recovery."

mist, and other officials eventually persuaded the Administration to tone down its projections. Yet even then, Reagan's aides, apparently counting on pure psychology to do the job, steadfastly insisted that high interest rates would fall sharply once Congress passed its proposals for budget cuts and tax reductions.

The reality of the new Administration's economic program, of course, turned out to be far different from Reagan's campaign speeches and his Government's early projections. Though industrial production and investment were somewhat higher than most economists expected in view of the high cost of borrowing money, the specter of those larger-than-expected budget deficits soon began to cast a shadow over the whole Reagan program. Says Donald Miller, vice chairman of the Continental Illinois Corp.: "Supply-side economics has been oversold, and people have come to expect too much." Adds Conservative Economist Martin Feldstein, president of the National Bureau of Economic Research: "I think the Administration hurt itself by a series of unbelievable statements, starting with those optimistic forecasts about growth of the economy."

The credibility problem of Reaganomics is based, in part, on its origins. In a sense, it was born one evening in December 1974, in the Two Continents restaurant in Washington, D.C. Three men were sipping drinks: Arthur Laffer, a young economist with an early-Beatles haircut who was considered a maverick by many of his colleagues; Jude Wanniski, an editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal;* and Richard Cheney, a White House aide under President Ford.

Laffer argued that the fundamental problem with the American economy was that federal tax rates had got so high that they were beginning to discourage work and investment, and were thus holding down the supply of goods in the economy. Because the demand for goods raced ahead of their supply, inflation had become a chronic problem.

If tax rates were slashed, Laffer said, the result would be a boom in work, saving and investment. The "supply side" of the economy would be so stimulated that before long the Government would gain more revenue than it lost through cutting taxes. To illustrate his point, as legend now has it, Laffer sketched a crude diagram on a cocktail napkin on the table.* It showed that if taxes went too high, the Government would take in less revenue because people would be working less. That first Laffer curve landed in a wastebasket, but it was destined to become one of the most controversial concepts in recent economic theory.

Budget Director Stockman prepares to wield his ax again

"A decade of broken promises."

Wanniski became Laffer's most avid apostle and spread the gospel of tax cutting with all the fervor of a circuit-riding preacher. An important early convert was Jack Kemp, a New York Congressman and former quarterback with the Buffalo Bills. In 1977 Kemp, together with Senator William Roth Jr. of Delaware, introduced a bill in Congress to reduce personal income taxes by almost 33% over three years.

Although the plan was defeated in Congress, the Kemp-Roth bill gained a loyal supporter: Ronald Reagan. As the 1980 presidential campaign began, the tax-cut proposal was the centerpiece of his economic policy. But when Reagan wrapped up the Republican nomination, the G.O.P.'s mainstream economists flocked to his fold, and the influence of Laffer, Wanniski and Kemp waned as old-line conservatives began having an impact. Among the most prominent: Alan Greenspan, Gerald Ford's chief economic adviser; George Shultz, Treasury Secretary under Richard Nixon; and Arthur Burns, former Federal Reserve Board chairman. Some of those non-Administration advisers met with Reagan last week to discuss the new budget cuts.

The traditional economists gradually began to shift Reagan's program away from the original supply-side doctrine. Laffer assumed that large tax cuts would not be inflationary because they would stimulate enough business to compensate for the lost revenues by significantly increasing the Government's total tax take. But Reagan's more conservative advisers convinced him that tax cuts—and the inevitable, initially huge budget deficits—would fuel inflation unless accompanied by measures to restrain demand. Thus Reaganomics now includes not only a supply-side tax reduction but also calls for less Government spending and strict control over the growth of money.

Although the Democrats had no alternative economic program to offer—and have yet to produce one—they immediately pounced on the problems that they saw as inherent in Reaganomics. They charged that the Administration was papering over the fundamental conflict be-

*Actually, the cocktail napkin's role in the story may be apocryphal. Laffer cannot remember drawing on it, and Cheney also does not recall it. Other supply-siders say that Wanniski dreamed up the story to add some pizazz to a dry subject. But Laffer now draws the curve on napkins and autographs them for admirers.

The SmithKline Forum for a Healthier American Society Vol. III No. 6 September 1981

Human Rights. No More Small Men.

Commentary:

presented by SmithKline Corporation

It is wrong to say "first bread, then
Novak. Democratic capitalism delivers f

"A state which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands...will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished."
—JOHN STUART MILL, 1859

In 1948, most of the world lay gripped in poverty and much of it lay under the rubble of the most devastating war in human history. That year, when the United Nations ratified the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, there were only 49 independent nations in the world. The triumph of Allied armies in Asia, North Africa and Europe had carried Western civilization, particularly the United States, to its highest point of historical prestige.

It was quite natural, in those days, that the formulations of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights should have been modelled on the Bill of Rights of the United States, and on the concepts, institutional experiments, and ideals about which Abraham Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg. He observed that the Civil War was, "testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

Can Nations Based on Human Rights Endure?

The foundation of human rights is the limited state.

Neither the Thousand Year Reich contemplated by Hitler nor Stalin's state was conceived to be limited. At Auschwitz alone, Hitler killed four million persons of almost every European nationality and, in all the death camps, he killed at least twelve million. According to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Lenin and Stalin between them killed 65 million of their fellow citizens in a terror that began in 1923 and continued during and after the war in a vast, dark and sprawling Gulag.

That is why Pope John Paul II as one of his first acts visited Auschwitz and later, at the United Nations, recalled that the Declaration of Human Rights owes its origin to so much bloodshed, so much anguish, already endured in our century of unlimited states.

Imagine what the Universal Declaration of Human Rights would have been had Hitler won the war or if Stalinism had everywhere prevailed. Words about human rights would have had no more substance than the paper on which they were inscribed.

What Is a Limited State?

In the first place, a limited state is one which does not impose a philosophy, does not hack humans to the mold of the "new man," does not forbid liberty of conscience. A limited state is a state "under God"—in operational terms, a state separated from, and under the judgment of, the transcendent claims of the free individual conscience.

Second, a limited state is prevented, as if by a moat, from intruding into the homes of its citizens. They have rights against the state. Law itself is conceived to be not solely an expression of the will of the state,but a set of limitations *upon* the will of the state. The law regards individuals as the source of inalienable rights.

This is a magnificent conception. It stands as a defense against all forms of collectivism. No matter how sweeping or how total the claims of states may be, these claims crash into impenetrable walls at the boundary of individual conscience.

Yet of all forms of political economy, none so thoroughly limits the state, and none so thoroughly respects the right of individuals, as democratic capitalism—that is, those two dozen or so nations which are democratic in polity, at least partly capitalist in economy, and liberal and pluralistic in ethos.

The Greatest Social Power in the World

Democratic capitalism is not the Kingdom of God. It is not without sin. It is a system much in need of improvement, and subject

liberty," concludes theologian Michael reedom with economic development.

at all times to continuous lawful revolution.

Still, by limiting the state, democratic capitalism liberates the energies of individuals and whole communities. By respecting the unpredictable potential of the individual, it unleashes the greatest social power in the world, a power which in 200 short years has transformed the world.

For when the system of democratic capitalism first appeared in history, about 1800, the population of the world was not quite 900 million. Today, through creative inventions, advances in medicine, and economic development pioneered by democratic capitalistic societies, living human beings number 4.4 billion.

For Even the Poorest Nations

Still, the task of feeding, clothing, and housing these new millions demands immense new productive skills. Vast new wealth must be created. Great mountains of goods are needed for schools, clinics, homes. Simple things, like clean running water, are in many places still not available. Refrigeration and electric lights, basic sanitation and reliable sources of food, are inexcusably absent.

Thus, the economic development first imagined by Adam Smith in his *Inquiry into the Nature and the Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (1776) is a still unfinished task. Perhaps in one more century, by the year 2076, all the poorest nations will have experienced decisive economic growth. But that hasn't happened yet.

Lincoln said this nation could not endure, half-slave and half-free. Neither can the world long endure, half-slave and half-free—or half-starved and half-fed.

Human Rights and Economic Development

For the future, two points are crucial. Adam Smith did not write about the wealth of *Individuals*, or even the wealth of *Scotland*, but about the wealth of *Nations*. The fundamental intention of democratic capitalism is to raise the material base of all nations, of every part of humankind.

Second, human rights and liberty are not merely the goal for which wealth is to be created. They are the means of creating it.

The world needs to know that human rights work, that liberty is effective, that the practical choice is not "first bread, then liberty." Systems which deny liberty in the name of bread usually produce neither bread nor liberty.

The experiment with human rights which is conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, is also an experiment in economic development. If all humans are equal, each must be free to make significant economic decisions—and if they are so free, the greatest social energy within the universe will be released.

It is wrong to pit human rights against economic development, to deny the former in the

(continued)

Michael Novak is a former Ledden-Watson Distinguished Professor of Religion at Syracuse University and is the author of ten philosophical works and two novels.

His books and articles have appeared in many languages, and his new book, The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism, *will be published in February, 1982, by Simon & Schuster.*

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OVER

name of the latter. It is not only morally wrong, or politically wrong. It is also economically wrong. Free persons dream. Free persons invent. Free persons create. Freedom enriches, for wealth is not fixed but created.

The dream of democratic capitalism, which gave rise to the Bill of Rights, is not solely a moral dream or a political dream; it is also an economic dream.

With Due Respect

Respect for human rights inspires moral dynamism. Respect for human rights generates political vitality. Respect for human rights releases economic energies. It does all three of these at once.

Economic development is fundamentally an achievement of the human spirit. The imprisonment of that spirit in so many places, in so many ways, not only denies inalienable rights, but causes starvation and misery. Without respect for human rights, technical assistance is hollow, outside aid merely hides decay, and proven technologies fail. At the heart of hope lies the wit of individuals choosing for themselves.

The experiment of human rights works.

—Michael Novak

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For more of Michael Novak's thoughts on democratic capitalism, send for your free copy of his book, *Toward a Theology of the Corporation*. We will also include other Commentaries published in this Forum and several of SmithKline's *Issues for Action* pamphlets.

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tween the President's main goals—stimulating the economy by cutting taxes and slowing down inflation through tight money—resulting in high interest rates and sluggish growth. Compounding the difficulty was Reagan's proposal for a large and simultaneous increase in defense spending.

As the critics pointed out, Reagan's big tax reductions were bound to swell the size of the deficit, at least in the short run. But the Federal Reserve, which controls the growth of money, has not let credit grow faster to pay for those deficits, so the Government's borrowing demands are pushing up interest rates. The result is the current staggering levels, which threaten to choke off the private investment boom that the tax cut is supposed to bring about. Says Oklahoma Democrat Jim Jones, chairman of the House Budget Committee: "My fear is that the program now put in place by the Administration is the equivalent of stepping hard on the gas at the same time as you slam on the brakes. The result will sound spectacular—until either the brakes fail or the engine blows. It is a gamble of titanic proportions."

Traditional Keynesian economists were the sharpest critics. Said John Kenneth Galbraith, a professor emeritus at Harvard: "The Administration has promised vigorous expansion through supply-side incentives in combination with monetary policy that works through high interest rates and a powerful contraction of the economy. This contradiction can only be resolved by divine intervention—a task for the Moral Majority." Adds Walter Heller, who was President Kennedy's chief economist: "Only an ostrich could have missed the contradictions in Reaganomics."

Yet even some leading conservative economists predicted that the Reagan program would soon run into trouble. Said Robert Lucas, professor of economics at the University of Chicago: "This Administration has committed itself to a whole series of tax cuts, and it's going to be hard as hell for them to reverse course. They have locked themselves into some very tough arithmetic, especially since they have been overoptimistic about the benefits of the tax cuts."

TIME's Board of Economists agreed at its meeting last week that American business faces some difficult times in the next few months. But once beyond these choppy waters, the prospects for the economy in terms of growth and reducing inflation are markedly brighter. However, there will undoubtedly be stress in the short term:

Growth. After expanding at an annual pace of 8.6% in the first three months of the year, U.S. production of goods and services fell at a 2.4% annual rate during the second quarter. TIME's economists expect little or no growth for the rest of the year. From 1982 on, business activity is expected to be stronger.

Inflation. The board optimistically projects that price rises will fall from the 10.8% annual rate of the past three months to about 8% at the end of the year. A bumper crop harvest will hold down food costs, and the continuing ample supply of oil improves the energy outlook. Said James McKie, a University of Texas energy expert: "I think the prospect is for level or somewhat declining prices for oil unless there is some major supply disruption." Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources, a business consulting firm, estimated that oil prices, after being adjusted for inflation, will fall by 3% annually for the next two years. Finally, the board members expect that Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker will maintain monetary discipline to guard against any new burst of inflation.

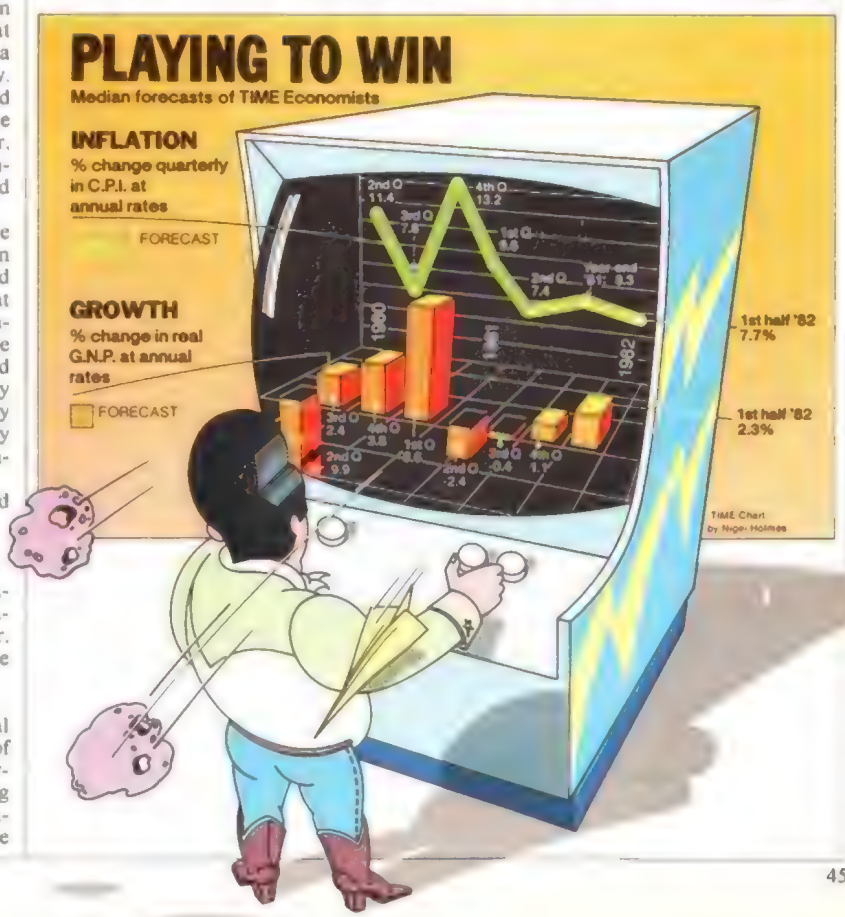
Interest Rates. Volcker's tough policy will keep the cost of borrowing money high. The TIME board predicts that the prime rate for business loans will edge down slowly from the current 20½% to 17¾% by the end of the year. But intense upward pressure on rates will come from strong federal borrowing. The economists agree with the Congressional Budget Office that without new budget cuts, the deficit will reach about $65 billion next year, some $23 billion more than the White House has predicted. Said Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution in Washington: "The financial markets are telling us that the Administration deficit forecasts are pie in the sky."

The board recognized that continued high interest rates will be necessary, for a while at least, to curb inflation. Said Schultze: "We cannot cure inflation painlessly."

That pain is already intense for businesses dependent upon the easy availability of low-cost loans. Auto sales this year are running 30% below the same period in 1978. Home construction for the year is expected to plummet to its lowest level since 1946. "The housing recession is now 34 months old and counting," says Jack Carlson, chief economist for the National Association of Realtors. "We've never had one that long before."

So far this year, 11,076 companies, most of them small, have gone bankrupt. That is 42% more than during the same period in 1980. Most big companies have been able to handle their cash flow problems. The balance sheets, though, are getting tighter and tighter. Warns William Silber, a New York University professor of finance: "With interest rates at these levels, there could be major bankruptcies within months."

One familiar company in danger is



Rivlin of the Congressional Budget Office

Pan American World Airways, which has lost $217.6 million in the first half of this year. In a desperate attempt to raise cash, the company last year sold its Manhattan headquarters for $400 million, and in August it got an additional $500 million for its profitable chain of 97 Intercontinental Hotels. In another attempt to stay aloft, Pan Am last week slashed its domestic fares by up to 68%. The move may be futile, though, because other airlines quickly followed Pan Am, setting off a new price war in the skies.

Many savings and loan associations, which have always been the mainstay of home financing, are also hurting. To keep their deposits, these thrift institutions must pay as much as 16% interest, though many of the old mortgages on their books earn them less than 10%. As a result, an estimated 85% of all S and Ls are losing money. Administration officials are confident that most of the S and Ls have large enough capital reserves to tide them over until rates fall. But some financial experts are not so sure. Says the president of one of the largest U.S. commercial banks: "It could be a major setback to Reaganomics if a bloody disaster of failing S and Ls were allowed to happen. We are on the verge of that now, and it could so hurt confidence that everything accomplished by Reaganomics to date could be wiped out."

Last week the West Side Federal Savings and Loan in New York City and the Washington Savings and Loan in Miami were acquired by National Steel Corp.'s financial subsidiary. The Government played matchmaker by paying National Steel subsidies—currently around $9 million a month—until its new partners return a profit.

As businessmen suffer more and more from the sky-high interest rates, pressure will build for Federal Reserve Chairman Volcker to ease up on the monetary brakes. Although monetary responsibility is supposed to be one of the keystones of

Wall Street Says: "Show Me"

Though Wall Streeters voted for him in heavy numbers last November, their euphoria over Ronald Reagan was short-lived. Soon after Election Day, the Dow Jones average of 30 industrial stocks pierced 1,000 for the first time in four years. The widely watched indicator was then on a roller-coaster through the next several months, reaching 1,024, its highest close so far this year, on April 27. Slowly at first, but then with increasing momentum, doubts turned into downright disbelief.

Last week, as trading resumed after Labor Day, brokers stood long-faced among the Dow's smoldering ruins: down more than 170 points to 851, the lowest level in 15 months and about where it was a decade ago. The American Exchange, with a high proportion of energy company listings, was hit almost as hard. Its index fell from 375 in May to 331 at the end of last week. But, in response to indications that credit growth is slowing, stocks rallied a bit late in the week. The Dow closed at 873, up nine points for the week.

The highflyers of last spring have lately been almost all in the dumps. Chief among them are energy and defense stocks, hit hard by slumping oil prices and less certain Administration defense commitments. Itek, an optical systems maker that could benefit from the iffy Stealth bomber project, dropped from $42 in May to $21 per share. Other defense issues that were off sharply: General Dynamics, down from $33 to $25; Martin Marietta ($68 to $51); United Technologies ($59 to $44); McDonnell Douglas ($37 to $30); and Raytheon ($49 to $40). Among energy stocks, Cities Service, a strong gainer only a short time earlier as a result of takeover and merger talk, lost $20 per share in three weeks and sank to $46. Marathon, another favorite among oil stocks, skidded from $80 to $62 in four weeks.

Long-term bonds suffered, and badly. Their yields rose with the general level of interest rates, up to 17% for some high-quality corporate offerings. But the record yield levels failed to attract investors, who saw no reason to tie up their money for as long as 40 years of perhaps volatile bond prices and high inflation.

Both stocks and bonds have been depressed in recent months, in part because investors now find more attractive places to put their money. Popular money-market certificates are more certain investments, and they now pay about 17% interest. In the past six months more than $50 billion has flowed into money-market funds.

There was no mystery about the recent sell-off. Basically, Wall Street does not believe that Congress will reduce the budget by enough to make up for the huge tax cuts it passed in July. Said H. James Toffey, a managing director of First Boston Corp.: "Wall Street was always scared of tax cuts without com-

"How'd it go today on Wall Street, dear?"

Reaganomics, the Administration has hinted on several occasions in the past few weeks that it might consider a somewhat looser credit policy. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan first mentioned this possibility in an interview last month. At a California fund raiser, the President said that high interest rates were "hurting us in what we are trying to do." In an interview with FORTUNE magazine, the President called for "some loosening" of the money supply, while admitting that "we can't dictate to the Fed."

Among Reagan's advisers, battle lines are already being drawn between the monetarists, who back Volcker's tough stance, and the supply-siders, who are afraid that tight money will not give the tax cuts a chance to work their magic. If they in fact change policy, it may be from very tight to merely tight. Says a White House aide: "There is an attitude by some of the supply-siders within the Administration that the monetarists have until the end of the year. Then we may have to jawbone the Fed."

But forcing the Federal Reserve to adopt a looser money policy might be an extremely shortsighted strategy. As Reagan Adviser Greenspan warns: "If the Fed eased, it would reignite inflationary expectations." Though interest rates would come down for a while with a program of easy credit, they would then probably rise quickly once again because financiers would be anticipating still higher inflation and demand still more interest. In the end, rates could well go higher than they are now.

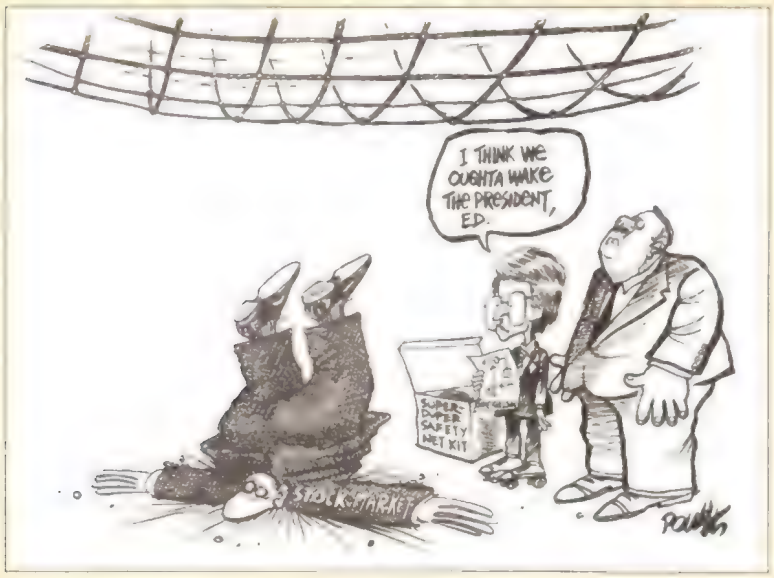
As has happened so often before, the Federal Reserve is caught in a no-win situation. It will have to continue to battle inflation by keeping money tight, while fighting off critics who say that such a policy is plunging business into a recession. In the view of a number of economists, it would be unfortunate if the Federal Reserve Board were to change course now, just when its policies are beginning to help make a definite dent in inflation. Reagan told his Cabinet last week that he shares

Supply-Side Theorist Arthur Laffer

mensurate spending cuts." The Administration's budget slashing efforts were nowhere near deep enough to meet its goal of a $42.5 billion federal deficit for fiscal 1982, or to make possible a balanced budget by 1984, as Reagan promised. Because the Government would have to borrow heavily to finance the growing flow of red ink, interest rates would tend to stay high.

To an extent, Wall Street's uneasiness about the size of the deficit has been magnified by its disquiet about some of the colorful philosophers of supply-side economics. Even though their own Donald Regan, the former chairman of Merrill Lynch, is Treasury Secretary and the *Wall Street Journal* has been the oracle of Reaganomics, the button-down world of money has never totally embraced the people who are putting forth the new policy. Says Francis H. Schott, chief economist for the Equitable Life Assurance Society: "Guys like Economist Art Laffer and Congressman Jack Kemp are O.K. to have around as long as you just take note of what they say and look for the kernel of truth in it. But you don't necessarily do what they prescribe. That's just a prescription for disaster."

The markets have now got into such a deep funk that nothing seems to encourage them. Good news, such as August's modest 3.7% rise on an annual basis for producer prices, is ignored. Bad news, or any signals of uncertainty from the White House, gets a resounding response smothering any attempt at a rally.



The financial community is not even responding to pleas from its own leaders. William Salomon, retired managing partner of Salomon Brothers, urged fellow Wall Streeters in a letter in the *Wall Street Journal* on Aug. 17 to stop the carnage in the bond market, reaffirm their support for Reagan and "start putting their money where their mouths have been." But it was to no avail; bond prices continued weak.

The market, of course, has not always been terribly accurate in measuring the impact of major changes in economic policy. Michael Evans, president of Evans Economics Inc., in Washington, D.C., recalls that stock prices rose slowly in response to the Kennedy-Johnson tax cuts of 1964, which helped set off five years of sound business growth. A decade ago, the market wholeheartedly endorsed the Nixon wage-price freeze, sending the Dow up by nearly 33 points the day after that program was announced. But the index subsequently declined when it became clear that controls were killing profits and hurting the economy.

What will it take to calm the markets? Says First Boston's Toffey: "Right now both the bond and equity markets have adopted a 'show me' attitude toward the Administration." Adds Irwin Kellner, chief economist for Manufacturers Hanover Trust bank: "Wall Street is from Missouri." Nothing less than specific congressional action to reduce the size of the federal deficit is likely to calm the nervous gnomes of Wall Street.

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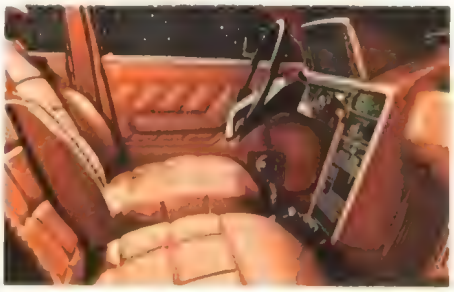

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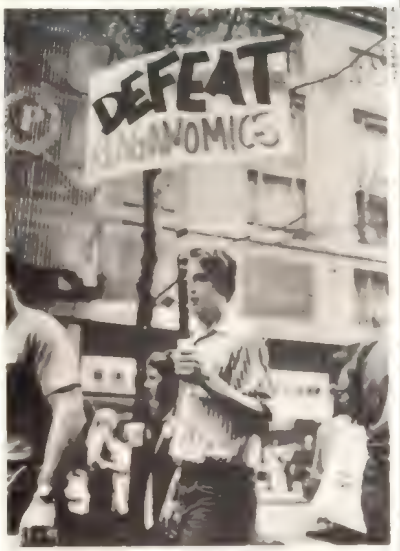


Protesters on the march in Chicago

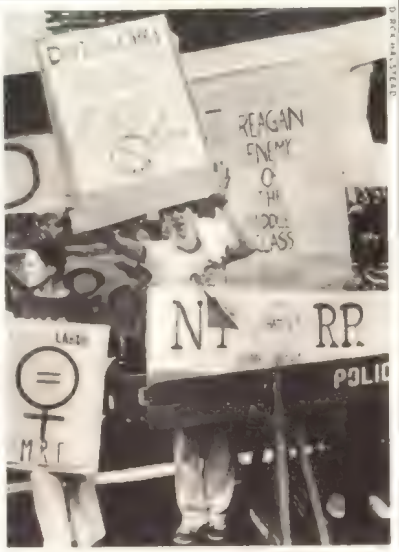
Doubts about the program were growing.

that view. "I want to see the Fed continue monetary restraint and be the fourth leg of our economic program."

Tough money management and high interest rates have also bolstered the value of the dollar abroad. Many Europeans and Japanese have converted their money into American currency to take advantage of attractive investments in the U.S. Since January the dollar has risen by as much as 36% against other major currencies. That in turn has helped hold down U.S. inflation by making imports cheaper, though American exporters are having a harder time selling their wares abroad.

European moneymen recognize that Reaganomics is a risky strategy. But they believe the President has turned the U.S. economy in the right direction and admire his boldness. Says Giorgio La Malfa, Italy's Budget Minister: "Supply-side theory is an important new departure, which deserves to be fully tried." Even in West Germany, where Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has been strongly complaining about high U.S. interest rates, there is much admiration for Reagan. Says a top official in the West German Economics Ministry: "Reaganomics has reminded the West that by strong decisive leadership, it is possible to change perceptions of economic policy among the public."

Perhaps the most promising sign that Reaganomics may be working is the slowdown in wage demands. Since wages make up a major portion of the cost of any product, a decline in the pace of salary increases should slow down the rate of price rises. Average hourly earnings were jumping at a pace of almost 11% during the last quarter of 1980, but in the past three months the rate of increase was



Rancor at a New York Labor Day parade

Critics often look at only the short run.

Profiting from High Rates

While the Reagan Administration and Wall Street are lamenting high interest rates, many Americans have come to like them. The small investor who was boasting in the mid-'60s about his killing in the stock market or in the late '70s about his big earnings from real estate is now telling everyone within earshot about the yield on his money-market fund. Last week he was bragging that the money he took out of a savings bank, where it was earning 5.5% interest, was paying a 17% return.

Likewise, corporate treasurers once accused of being too timid to make major long-term spending decisions, such as approving a costly new plant, have become heroes. That factory might have made a healthy profit after a few years, but the jumbo bank certificate of deposit that he bought for $100,000 immediately earns nearly 18%.

Companies with large amounts of cash on hand, including Seagram and Bendix, have also been benefiting. High interest rates have depressed the price of certain energy stocks like Conoco. As a result, the cash-rich firms can buy the undervalued ones at a fraction of their true worth.

Anyone with enough reckless courage to play the financial futures markets could earn high profits. Activity at this market in Chicago has more than doubled in the past two years. Faced with the risk of even higher interest rates, banks and pension funds have been forced to hedge with financial futures, which are contracts to buy Government securities or foreign currencies at some later date. The speculators are betting that interest rates will go higher rather than lower. If the cost of money goes up, they sell their futures contracts for a good earning. For instance, an investor who in June put up a $2,400 deposit on a $100,000 Treasury bond future due in December of this year could have liquidated his position last week and made an impressive profit of about $12,000.

The payoff from those stunning interest rates, though, is often only an inflationary illusion. Over the past two centuries, the real interest rate in the U.S. has been fairly consistent at about 3%. Anything more than that has just offset the current level of inflation. A return of 17% from a money-market fund is obviously better than 5.25% from a bank, but if the inflation rate is also 17%, the depositor is not really that far ahead. With inflation now at about 11%, a yield of 17% is clearly a good deal.

Today's high rates would not have been welcomed by anyone a few years ago, when the legal ceiling on interest the average saver could earn was the meager 5.5% paid on a passbook account at a savings and loan association or a mutual savings bank. The level is established by the Government. But financiers have been very creative in developing new high-yield deposits. Starting next month, for example, the new All Savers Certificate that was approved by Congress last summer will pay 12.61% tax-free for up to $1,000 in interest for an individual or $2,000 for a couple.

J. Charles Partee, a governor of the Federal Reserve Board, which is usually cast as the villain of high interest rates, says that those pushing for costly credit are not nearly as vocal as farmers, homebuilders and others demanding cheap money. Even the strongest advocates of tight money, including many businessmen and conservative economists, are not arguing for high interest rates in order to make a profit. They simply realize that while the high cost of borrowing will slow business at first, it will eventually beat down price explosions. Inflation to an economy is like cocaine to a drug addict. Rising prices feel fine for a while, but ultimately they destroy business. If temporarily high interest rates succeed in breaking the momentum of inflation, then the big winner will be the U.S. economy as a whole.

about 7%. If this trend continues, it could be the key to a reduction in inflation and interest levels.

Most immediately, though, the future of Reaganomics will be determined by how Congress reacts to the second round of Reagan budget cuts. Quick approval could go a long way toward convincing Wall Street skeptics that the Administration will stick with its policy and not retreat at the first sign of resistance.

This second congressional battle of the budget promises to be tough. It could, in fact, crack the solid Republican support that Reagan enjoyed this summer. Conservative hawks might balk at reductions in projected military spending. Other Republicans might flinch at deeper cuts in already lean social programs. Observes Democratic Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona: "There are 20 or 30 liberal Republicans in the House who are embarrassed with their constituencies. They can't go on [supporting Reagan] forever."

The Democrats last week were naturally blaming the Republicans and Reaganomics for all of the financial troubles. Said House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "They left here completely happy last month; they got exactly what they wanted. Now the onus is on them."

Rather than deciding where to trim the budget next, the Republican leadership last week first tried to float the idea of giving the President authority to impound funds appropriated by Congress. That would undercut the Budget Act of 1974, which was passed after President Nixon repeatedly used impoundment to control the flow of federal spending in defiance of congressional wishes. Not surprisingly, Democrats were cool to the idea, saying that the proposal was just a copout for the Republicans.

Rather than slash the budget any further, some Democrats would prefer to roll back part of the tax cuts already passed. Colorado Democrat Gary Hart introduced a bill in the Senate last week that would postpone any personal tax cuts until the budget is balanced.

Despite the loud congressional protests and the worries along Wall Street, the President's program so far appears to retain generally broad public support. A Gallup poll released last week showed that Reagan's approval rating of about 60% has not slipped during this summer's economic slowdown. Interviews by TIME correspondents around the U.S. last week also showed the public's willingness to sacrifice in order to get the economy on the path to steady, noninflationary growth.

More and more people seem to recognize that exorcising inflation can be neither instant nor painless. Says Paul Sullivan, who owns a sportswear manufacturing firm in Methuen, Mass.: "The steps that the President is taking are necessary. It may be tough now, but we can weather it." Says James Graham, a high school teacher in North Little Rock, Ark.: "People are going to have to bite the bullet now, or there isn't going to be any bullet to bite in ten years."

This attitude can even be found among some of the people who are most directly affected by tight money. Says David Brown, a homebuilder in Englewood, N.J.: "I do not want to see my business destroyed, but I'm willing to bear the interim pain if it will help the economy in the long run. We're bleeding. But I think that high interest rates are necessary to slow down inflation."

Corporate executives generally remain as convinced as ever that future prosperity is worth some hardship now. Says Robert Noyce, vice chairman of Intel, a semiconductor manufacturer: "We're somewhat concerned about the transitory period of tight money, but it's part of the medicine we have to take to get the economy to improve." Adds Goff Smith, chairman of Amsted Industries, a Chicago-based equipment supplier: "It's going to hurt a little, but we ought to be glad for a little suffering if it brings the inflation rate down."

To critics who counsel the abrupt abandonment of Reaganomics, some economists suggest a look at the alternatives. Says Walter Hoadley, former chief economist for the Bank of America and now a resident scholar at the Hoover Institution in Stanford, Calif.: "If the Administration backs away from its program under pressure, then the picture gets much worse. Inflation will take over America. Then there goes the dollar, interest rates, everything."

The seven members of TIME's Board of Economists generally agreed that Reaganomics can work—that the program can curb inflation and revive business growth—if it is given enough time and if Congress implements the full program. Greenspan warned that the policy will not really be in place until lawmakers pass the President's second round of budget cuts. Feldstein said that inflation would not be tamed unless monetary policy remained strict and consistent for several years. Liberal economists on the board were concerned about the social cost of the program. Heller, for one, argued that the policy will place an unfair burden on the poor, who are dependent on federal assistance programs. But the board's liberals also conceded that Reaganomics will hold down Government spending and thus have a chance to stem inflation.

And that, as any economist is sure to agree, would be quite a feat. For nearly two decades, repeated and abrupt changes in economic policy were a major cause of erratic growth and persistent inflation. Administrations from Lyndon Johnson to Jimmy Carter adopted anti-inflationary programs, but these proved to be either ineffectual or too brief to achieve significant returns. Result: chronic stagflation.

Reaganomics is clearly not the painless quick fix that the President promised during his campaign and the early weeks of the Administration. The program will take time, and it will not be easy. Reagan admitted as much last week during his talk to the Cabinet about further budget cuts. Said he: "Some people are frustrated because we don't see instant recovery. We can't be stampeded now by frustration or fear. We have to stay on a steady long-term course." Reaganomics can work, its namesake was saying, if the American public—and politicians—are patient enough to let it work. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

"Ask yourselves: If not us, who? If not now, when?"

Richard Owen, convicted of attempted murder, in the cell he has made a legal center

Before the Bench Behind Bars

An Indiana convict has become a top jailhouse lawyer

As a youngster, Richard Lee Owen II loved to curl up with the discarded lawbooks he obtained when his grandfather took him along on a visit to the county courthouse. By the time he was 13, however, Owen was on the wrong side of the law, serving time at an Indiana reform school for stealing from purses during a church choir rehearsal. That was the start of a life of crime, including a bank robbery and an attempted murder, that has kept him in prison for 19 of his 35 years. But now Owen has rediscovered an old friend—the lawbook—and has become one of the nation's most accomplished self-taught lawyers behind bars.

Lined with books and cans of Campbell's soup, Owen's narrow cell in the maximum security prison in Michigan City, Ind., is the nerve center of a remarkable legal operation that runs almost nonstop. On a typical weekday, Owen rises at 7:30 and skips breakfast in order to prepare for the morning law courses he teaches to 48 prisoners. After lunch, he does research until 3, when he is available in his cell for consultation with inmate clients. Long evenings are devoted to more research and legal reading, aided by a Rolodex that lists 22,000 criminal cases.

Owen's single-minded devotion pays real dividends: $9,000 in annual income from attorneys who use him to do research. (He invests the money primarily in his personal 3,000-volume library.) Charging $7.50 an hour, Owen easily undercuts the $22 to $25 fees asked by law students and young lawyers, who are often hired for such chores. Yet Owen's output is anything but cut-rate. Indianapolis Lawyer J. Richard Kiefer calls the convict's research "incredibly good." Once Kiefer gave the same project to Owen and several law students; Owen was the first to uncover the three precedents that Kiefer needed. Says John Gubbins, senior staff attorney for the Seventh Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago: "In the area of *habeas corpus* and prisoners' civil rights, he is probably as good as any lawyer practicing."

Owen occasionally has been allowed, at the judges' discretion, to appear in court on behalf of his prisoner clients. He usually shows up wearing handcuffs and a yellow leisure suit, his papers in a briefcase made by a fellow convict. In 1978, he won freedom for Elisar Yzaguirre, who was serving a life sentence for kidnaping, when he persuaded the judge to downgrade his client's offense to unlawful confinement. Such victories have helped Owen compile a record that many an appellate attorney would envy: in 25% of his cases, the clients have won at least some relief.

Although he can still appear in federal courts, Owen is no longer allowed to take part in state proceedings. A year ago, Indiana's chief justice concluded that since Owen is not a member of the bar (he has only a junior college degree, earned in prison), he could not represent others. Nevertheless, he is free to write briefs for fellow prisoners, which can be polished and signed by full-fledged lawyers. Last March Owen helped win a reversal of a murder conviction for Isadore Serrano. He argued that the case had posed a conflict of interest because Serrano's trial lawyer was also the attorney for a prosecution witness.

Owen claims that public defenders, who often represented his clients originally, have so many cases that none gets the attention it needs. Says he: "I have the time, and I take pride in what I do. And I have more interest in prisoners' cases because I am on the other side of the system."

Owen has another outlet for his talents: a criminal law review, which he puts out six times a year. It has included, in addition to his own articles, contributions from the likes of Notre Dame Law Professor Eric Smithburn, an expert on criminal procedure, and flamboyant Attorney Melvin Belli. Some 200 subscribers pay $12.50 a year for the publication.

Owen's operation symbolizes the startling evolution of the status of jailhouse lawyers. As recently as 15 years ago, many penitentiaries did not even permit convicts to help other inmates draft documents questioning the legality of their confinement. Lawbooks and copies of the U.S. Constitution were often confiscated.

Then in 1969, the Supreme Court decision in *Johnson* vs. *Avery* gave jailhouse lawyers a right in certain cases to help inmates who lacked attorneys. Since then, courts have been whittling away restrictions imposed by wardens. Most states now provide prison law libraries and have adopted a new theory: convicts' efforts to win freedom by court petition, either for themselves or for others, serve as valuable outlets for frustration and anger.

As a result, the familiar stereotype of the fast-talking jailhouse lawyer is being replaced by cool quasi-professionals. Eddie Neal, now in a Maryland jail awaiting trial for attempted murder, is considered one of the nation's best because of his skilled handling of divorce, paternity and bankruptcy cases during earlier stints in New York facilities. James Potts, 34, a prisoner in Arlington, Va., specializes in inmates' rights and is the author of a popular handbook, *The Prisoners' Self-Help Litigation Manual*.

As for Owen, his main goal is to win the freedom of his most important client: himself. A federal court has ordered a hearing on his claim that his attempted murder conviction, stemming from the shooting of a policeman who had stopped him after suspicious behavior at a Ponderosa Steakhouse, is reversible because of jury misconduct. If that bid fails, Owen hopes to win clemency in 1982 or parole in 1983.

Owen has a violent past to live down, and some who know him well wonder if he can adjust to the world outside prison. But if he does get free, Owen intends to go to law school, and he may set up a research firm that could work on the cases of the men he left behind and whom he understands so well. —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Patricia Delaney/South Bend, Ind.*

Stooping to Conquer in Boston

The struggling Herald American *will keep going—as a tabloid*

The front-page announcement was brief: "Good morning. You'll be getting a new newspaper Sunday." Thus the Boston *Herald American* (circ. 209,128 and falling) last week ended speculation that it was about to fold. Despite heavy pressure from the bulging Boston Globe (circ. 502,920), the *Herald American* is optimistically pushing on. Says Publisher James Dorris: "We're giving the people of Boston and New England something they want, a compact, easy-reading, lively newspaper for the '80s."

Old format; tabloid prototype

Translation: the Hearst-owned daily had run out of options. The *Herald American* was formed in 1972 when Hearst's racy Boston tabloid, the *Record American*, absorbed the city's staid, 125-year-old blue-blood bible, the *Herald Traveler*. The new paper never caught on. Combining the mismatched styles of the papers it subsumed, the *Herald American* alienated former readers of both by, for example, running weighty political analysis side by side with reports of steamy sex crimes. Circulation, at first 371,664, fell steadily; losses are now estimated to be $10 million a year. The *Globe* commands more than two-thirds of the city's daily newspaper readership and three-quarters of its advertising. Indeed, in recent months the entire Sunday *Herald American* was often outweighed by the *Globe's* classified ad section alone.

Publisher Dorris

Hearst's return to the tabloid format is a desperate, but plausible, effort to survive. The tabloid style, first practiced successfully in the U.S. by the New York *Daily News* (founded in 1919) and currently being carried to its irrational extreme by the New York *Post* under Rupert Murdoch, was modeled on Fleet Street's screaming dailies. The main features: short, punchy stories, heavy illustration, emphasis on sex, crime and gossip, and a smaller size for the harried, hurried commuter.

The form has matured, and among the two dozen or so surviving U.S. daily tabloids are some solid journalistic entries. Long Island's *Newsday* (circ. 503,336) provides a well-rounded package of original reporting and features to a large, densely populated suburban area. In Chicago, the *Sun-Times* (circ. 661,531) is known for investigative reporting; last week it broke the Cardinal Cody story. Two recent entries indicate there may be life in the old format yet. In Philadelphia, the *Journal (circ. 109,622), founded in 1977, is gaining a foothold with a sprightly mix of* sports and gossip. Near by, the 106-year-old Delaware County *Times* converted itself last June 15 from a 25¢ afternoon broadsheet (circ. 39,000) to a 10¢ morning tabloid. In just ten weeks, circulation has risen to 49,000 and advertising linage has increased an estimated 10% over last year.

None of these examples was lost on the *Herald American's* managers, who reportedly considered the tabloid option for a year before choosing it. If the *Globe*, one of the nation's best newspapers, can thrive by providing first-rate coverage, the *Herald American* hopes to prove there is a down-scale market for something less serious and more entertaining. Predicts Dorris: "We're going to produce a paper that is a pleasure to read, not a chore." Adds Editor Donald Forst: "The new *Herald American* is going to be a reader's paper, with one overriding goal: to give people something they'll want to read."

First glimpses of the new format —which was to begin appearing regularly this week—were greeted enthusiastically by advertisers, who rushed to take advantage of a half-rate introductory offer. "It sounds like a good paper," said Donald O'Brien, marketing vice president of the Jordan Marsh department store. "We're going to help promote it, and we're going to be in it heavily." Added Filene's sales vice president, Virginia Harris: "It's a smart move because it is so totally different from the *Globe*. I think they've got a good chance of making it."

Others were not so sure. Said Frank McCulloch, executive editor of McClatchy Newspapers: "Dominance, once achieved, is very hard to overcome. The *Globe* is so dominant, it does not make much difference what the *Herald* does." Worse, Boston's new tabloid may not have very long to make the formula work. Last week the Boston *Globe* reported that *Herald* Advertising Director Robert Lange told the paper's advertisers in July that the Hearst Corp. will give the paper just 3½ months to prove it can make it; otherwise it will be shut down. That report was followed by an even more discouraging silence: neither Hearst nor *Herald American* officials were willing to comment. ■

Family Affair

Merging for profit

When Iowa Banker Gardner Cowles bought the Des Moines *Register* in 1903, he planted the seeds of a family communications empire that flourished for three generations, eventually as three separate companies, sprouting *Look* magazine, and acquiring numerous newspapers, radio and television stations as they grew. Last week two of his heirs decided to merge their companies, the Des Moines Register and Tribune Co. and the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., presumably on the theory that the family that stays together profits together.

The news was expected: talks had been under way for several months between Des Moines Board Chairman David Kruidenier, 60, and his Minneapolis cousin John Cowles Jr., 52. Both companies have suffered financial declines recently. In Minneapolis, operating earnings slid from $6 million in 1979 to $3.7 million a year later, largely because of a 27-day newspaper strike and continuing losses from its latest acquisition, the Buffalo (N.Y.) *Courier-Express* (circ. 131,990). The smaller Des Moines company saw its earnings drop from $3.6 million in 1979 to $2.6 million in 1980, in part, because of the troubled evening *Tribune* (circ. 80,114), which has been losing readers steadily for more than a decade. Even more serious for Des Moines was its long-term debt of $40 million.

As talks progressed, apprehension grew at the *Register* (circ. 210,465), possessor of nine Pulitzer Prizes, that the Des Moines company would be swallowed whole by the larger Minneapolis company. Last week's agreement with its emphasis on preserving the independence of the papers allayed those fears. Said one relieved *Register* reporter: "I don't think we have to worry any more about a Minneapolis Mafia moving in." *Register* Editor Michael G. Gartner, who originally opposed the merger, agreed: "I feel it's the right thing to do; it will ensure that we have good, vigorous newspapers that are journalistically strong." ■

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People

Charles and Diana chatting during the Braemar Highland Games

Like so many of the approximately 25,000 spectators who turned out for the Braemar Highland Games in Scotland, **Prince Charles,** 32, and **Diana, Princess of Wales,** 20, donned their tartans. During the opening ceremonies, however, Diana's highland fling turned a bit flippant: as the band struck up *God Save the Queen*, the young Princess continued chatting with the Prince. Hardly the proper reaction, especially when the subject of the song is standing a few feet away. Without saying a word, **Queen Elizabeth** turned to her daughter-in-law with that now famous "We are not amused" look that would curl the hair on a corgi's back. God Save the Queen-to-Be

■

"If I was being honored in Dallas, they would have dropped me from a helicopter without a parachute," said Actor **Larry** ("J.R.") **Hagman,** 49, who last week became part of the pavement along the Hollywood Walk of Fame. The three-mile-long celebrity stretch has honored just about every conceivable show-biz type from **Clark Gable** to **Mickey Mouse.** For Hagman, place was everything—his star was imbedded next to that of his mother, Broadway Great **Mary Martin,** 67. When Mom congratulated him, Larry noted the positioning of their two stars, then said: "Looks like I'm going to get top billing." Countered Mary: "It all depends on which way you walk down the street."

■

Oh, to be in New York in the fall, when they're lining up for sausages back in Gdansk. But to **Zygmunt Przetakiewicz,** 35, a representative of Solidarity, Poland's independent union federation, his Manhattan stayover is strictly business. Przetakiewicz has since been busying himself with preparations for the opening of Solidarity's first overseas press information office on Park Avenue South and adjusting to New York City. "This job is going to be very difficult," says Zygmunt, who now drives his 1979 Oldsmobile to work every day. "The subways are terrible, and the roads—I think they are better in Poland."

■

The lanky young man with the somewhat familiar eyes ambled onto the green. Crouched in his **Ben Crenshaw**-like putting stance, **Nathaniel Crosby,** 19, shot a final glance at the pin, coolly sank the 15-ft. birdie putt, then jubilantly leaped into the arms of his caddie, Joby Ross. **Bing Crosby's** son had just won the 81st U.S. Amateur Golf Championship. Off course, the University of Miami junior displayed all the easygoing awshucksness of his late father, but during play he proved to be a scrappy, tenacious opponent. Coming back from four holes down during the final afternoon round, Nathaniel scrambled over San Francisco's Olympic Club course, peppering his play with instructions to the ball: "Get tight," "Be there," "Go," "Sit," "Stop." Throughout the match, he soothed his nerves with something given to him earlier by his mother, **Kathryn Crosby,** a medallion that Bing had won for making the field in the same tournament exactly 40 years earlier. "I definitely felt his presence, and thinking of him calmed me," said the young Crosby. "I wasn't absent-mindedly touching that medal. Dad was in my mind all day." *—By E. Graydon Carter*

Crosby after the U.S. Amateur

Martin giving Hagman a hug

Przetakiewicz getting ready to take Manhattan by storm

On the Record

Ashley Montagu, 76, author and anthropologist, commenting on the ongoing debate between evolutionists and creationists: "Science has proof without any certainty. Creationists have certainty without any proof."

Louis Auchincloss, 63, author, on the merits of literary awards: "Prizes are for the birds. They fill the head of one author with vanity and 30 others with misery."

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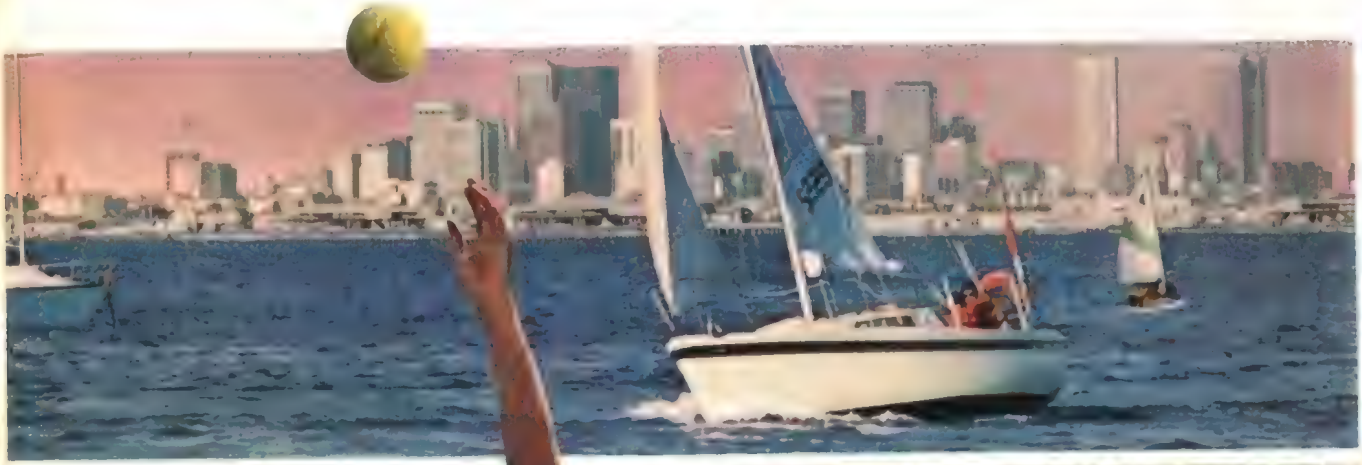
Melbourne's up



top, down under.

In the fierce but friendly rivalry among the world's great cities, Melbourne has some impressive credentials for being up top on anybody's list, both down under and around the globe.

Her soaring towers of finance dominate not merely the city skyline but the whole of the continent. Her fashions dictate hemlines; her sense of culture has made her National Gallery the jewel of the Southern Hemisphere; and her soon-to-be-completed Victorian Arts Centre will be the envy of all the hemispheres.

The true delight, and distinction, of the Melburnian, however, is style. It is a style as elegant as the broad, tree-lined boulevards which bring light, air and spaciousness to the city center; as gracious as a formal picnic in one of the plush parks which cover a full fourth of the city's surface; and as unbuttoned and carefree as a ride on one of the gaily-painted electric trams decorated by some of the city's top artists.

It is a city which loves to entertain itself and its visitors and does so with a spectacular calendar of sports that range from the world-famous Marlboro Australian Open tennis championship to football and horse racing, golfing and yachting. It boasts the largest series of outdoor festivals in the world, and cheerfully admits to the world's most changeable weather.

"Melbourne has no weather," runs the joke. "It merely samples a little of everything." With equal eclecticism, the cosmopolitan Melburnian can sample the dining, drinking and dancing of a kaleidoscope of cultures that includes German, Greek, Italian, Lebanese, Maltese, Spanish, Turk, Vietnamese and Yugoslav—or tune to an ethnic radio that broadcasts in more than 40 languages.

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Photographs by John Gollings of Melbourne

Video image of Ernie encourages mother and daughter as they play game called Mup-O-Matic

A Playground for the Brain

Sesame Place develops gadgets to make pedagogy a pleasure

Through the cheerfully gaping maw of Big Bird, beguiled children with parents in tow enter a dazzling futuristic playground designed to make pedagogy a pleasure. Created a year ago by the same people who brought you Kermit the Frog, Ernie and Bert, Sesame Place, in the tamed wilds of Bucks County, Pa., unites outdoor "participatory" playgrounds with "hands-on" scientific exhibits.

Various slides provide the perceptive skidder with firsthand knowledge of the battle between gravity and friction. By plunging into a sea of green plastic balls, the playful student can know what it feels like to be a mutated molecule in a densely packed universe.

The news at Sesame Place, though, is in the inner sanctum of the Computer Gallery, where the creators of *Sesame Street* are perfecting computer software programs that they expect to sell to the general public. Scores of children sit in communion with batteries of special computers. The keyboards are arrayed with numbers, arrows and letters from *A* to *Z* in alphabetical order. In the Dial-A-Muppet game, Oscar the Grouch might pop up at command, grumbling encouragement. A science game called Spotlight utilizes a ray of light and two mirrors to illustrate how beams can bounce across space. The player manipulates the spotlight to illuminate a character named Steve waltzing back and forth across the stage.

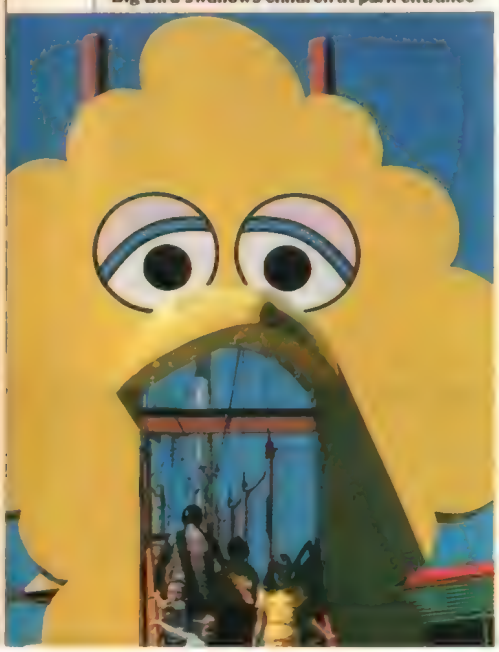
For beginning readers, the computer combines high technology with the tried-and-true game of Hangman. Called Raise the Flags, this program features a sprightly, beaked electronic being named George who introduces the alphabet and a series of flagpoles. "My job is to spell a word," writes George. "Your job is to guess it." George gives the player a category such as food or nature, the number of letters, and seven guesses. After the player hazards a letter, George ambles across the screen to the proper place, peers down, and then shakes his head yes or no. If yes, he raises the letter up the flagpole.

Computer dialogue can be surprisingly Socratic. One program asks the child to think of an animal. "Does it live on land?" inquires the computer. "Yes," the child may reply. "Does it fly?" "No." "Is it a wild animal?" "Yes." "Is it a lion?" "No." The computer writes, "Type in the animal you were thinking of." The child spells out t-i-g-e-r. "I don't know the difference between a lion and a tiger," the computer responds. "Press Go to help me learn the difference." The screen flashes four possible descriptive sentences that the child must complete. "A tiger 1) has, 2) will, 3) is, 4) can." A player might write, "A tiger has stripes." The computer counters: "Does a lion have stripes?" The child answers "No." Then the computer asks, "Does a tiger have stripes?" The child replies, "Yes." "Thanks," says the computer politely. "I'll remember that." The child has actually been programming the computer and vice versa.

Many teachers and parents are skeptical of computer-controlled, cartoon-like learning devices. They wonder, as Author Fran Lebowitz has put it, what happens when the child "discovers that the letters of the alphabet do not leap up out of books and dance around the room with royal-blue chickens." But the juvenile appetite for dancing letters appears to be insatiable. Indeed, this fall some of the computer software, designed by Children's Television Workshop of New York City, creators of *Sesame Street* and Sesame Place, will be available in computer retail shops and by direct mail from Apple Computer Inc.

Developed under the direction of C.T.W. Consultant Joyce Hakansson and tested at Sesame Place, each disk will contain four programs and sell for $50—playable, however, only on a $1,500 Apple II computer. Hakansson warns that "computers are just another tool." But, she adds, "They are very patient and nonjudgmental. They never tell a child that he is holding up the class." ■

Big Bird swallows children at park entrance



Children cavort in a sea of green molecules

Photographs for TIME by Bill Pierce

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A sampling of portable learning aids currently on the market at $20 to $120

Portents of Future Learning

New computers, a new magazine and a new kind of literacy

For years, computers have been ballyhooed as a miraculous wave of the future in elementary education. The miracle never arrived. In the 1970s manufacturers spent millions of dollars to develop computers for use in schools, but most of the systems received dismal grades on teacher report cards. The machines were too expensive, their performance unreliable, their programs academically inadequate. But lately, with the advent of the more sophisticated microcomputers, prices have fallen and performance has vastly improved.

Literacy once meant the ability to read and write, and perhaps acquire familiarity with, say, *Paradise Lost*. Today, children who cannot even decipher a limerick are becoming what is known as "computer literate." Just as Gutenberg's press stimulated literacy in the 15th century, the emergence of the low-cost personal computer of the 1980s is making the knowledge of what computers can do an essential educational discipline.

Sesame Place's foray into sales of computer learning programs *(see preceding story)* appears to be a portent of the educational future. Another sign of the times is the launching, this week, of a new magazine, *Electronic Learning*. Put out by the respected educational publisher Scholastic, Inc., *Electronic Learning* is essentially a nontechnical guide to technical learning aids. Financed initially with $500,000, the magazine is being sent free to 50,000 educators and administrators responsible for buying equipment and trying to evaluate the rapidly expanding and confusing field of electronic learning devices. By devoting itself largely to information on what to buy and how to use it most effectively, *Electronic Learning* is betting that computer learning aids will some day become as indispensable to classrooms as books and blackboards.

In the present state of the art, electronic learning aids fall into two basic categories: larger and more expensive, and smaller and cheaper. According to Karen Billings, director of the Microcomputer Resource Center at Columbia University's Teachers College, the more sophisticated desktop computers with their TV-like screens, moving images and music have at last changed the negative perceptions of both teachers and parents: the former are tantalized by the possibilities; the latter are astonished that their children can master such seemingly complex devices.

If a school's budget is not up to a microcomputer, there are compact electronic learning aids that can be toted to and from school like a lunch box and cost from under $20 to about $120. Texas Instruments, a pioneer in "talking" computer chips, is the leading producer of these less expensive aids. (Others: Mattel, Coleco, Milton Bradley.) In 1978 TI introduced Speak & Spell, a talking learning aid, which imitated the human voice—questioning, coaching and correcting the user—with an integrated circuit on a single silicon chip. On a later machine, called Speak & Read ($75), a child can complete sentences at three levels of difficulty by pressing letters on a keyboard to spell out the correct words. For example, the machine slowly enunciates, "I want to try to—" and then flashes three choices: "Bag." "Over." "Read." If the student presses *b-a-g*, the computer gently intones, "Wrong. Try again." The student taps out *r-e-a-d*. "Very good," says the machine benignly, "the correct word is read."

Almost any school system can afford some sort of portable learning aid. School District 7, in New York City's South Bronx, where every child receives a federally funded free lunch because they are all below the poverty line, has purchased several dozen TI learning aids for remedial students. Helen Giuliano, an administrator in the district, believes that exposure to computers is vital for otherwise underprivileged children: "They are starting behind in basic literacy. Let's not let them get behind in computer literacy." Such logic still fails to persuade some educational administrators. "They see computers as a frill," Giuliano notes, "and we see them as the child's future." ■

Theater

Summer of 1940

SOMETHING CLOUDY, SOMETHING CLEAR
By Tennessee Williams

"The most raffish and fantastic crew that I have met yet and even I—excessively broadminded as I am—feel somewhat shocked by the goings-on." That was how Tennessee Williams described his Provincetown acquaintances in a letter to his friend, Novelist Donald Windham, in the summer of 1940. Now the playwright has returned to that scene. But somehow that raffish and fantastic crew has fled his memory, and the characters on the stage of Manhattan's Jean Cocteau Repertory would not shock a novitiate nun.

August, the Williams persona (Craig Smith), lives in a shack on the dunes, writing his first major play and trying to entangle Kip, a dancer and Nijinsky lookalike (Elton Cormier), in his grimy bedsheets. But both Kip and Clare (Dominique Cieri), who acts as his protector, are doomed, he by a brain tumor, she by diabetes. The entire work is shadowed by death, which is approaching as quickly as the fall. Both characters seem so tentative, however, that it is even hard to imagine that the end, when it occurs, will matter much to them or anyone else.

There are sparks from the Williams fire here and there; even when he is not in best form, Williams is never uninteresting. "How long are you going to go on working?" Clare asks August-Tennessee. "Until I die of exhaustion," he answers. Williams, 70, may be somewhat tired, but like Sophocles, who wrote his last play when he was nearly 90, he continues, on and on. *By Gerald Clarke*

Craig Smith as the younger Williams

Socko Performances on Campus

College lovers, it seems, beat each other up quite often

When Sociologist James Makepeace, 35, surveyed undergraduates at Bemidji State University in Minnesota during the spring of 1979, he came on a finding that surprised him: one of every five students reported being punched, slapped or shoved by their dates or lovers. Says Makepeace, an expert on premarital family violence: "It used to be said that a marriage license was a hitting license, but now we've discovered that on college campuses there's an awful lot of hitting without the license."

After a similar poll at Oregon State University, Family Life Professor June Henton and Assistant Professor Rodney Cate estimated the number of violent lovers at about 25%. At sunny Arizona State, Sociology Associate Professor Mary Riege Laner found, in a study that may put to rest American illusions about carefree campus romance, that more than 60% of the nonmarried upper-class students had encountered "some kind of violence" while dating

Most incidents are relatively minor.

Mary Riege Laner of Arizona State University
Women are the primary victims

But some of the students reported being regularly beaten, kicked, bitten and pelted with objects. A few even spoke of threats with guns and knives. The case of Valerie, 20, and Steve, 23, two students at a large Western university, is in some ways typical. The couple had only been dating for three months when Steve slapped Valerie because he thought she was flirting with another man. Like most campus couples who later come to blows, they moved in together. After they began living together, his objections to imagined infidelities snowballed into furious, furniture-tossing tantrums. He sometimes hurled Valerie to the floor, dragging her around by her hair, and, she says, "literally beat the hell out of my face." Several black eyes later, Valerie walked out

In their fear and confusion, few college women—and even fewer men—are willing to admit having been the victims of violence. As one woman student at Arizona State said of her regularly bruised and beaten but steadfastly silent girlfriends: "Before they'd consider it abuse, they'd have to have broken bones."

Jealousy over a third person was cited in nearly half the violent blowups. Most of the rest grew out of arguments over sex or drinking. Yet experts wonder why college students seem so unable to settle these disagreements without black eyes and broken noses. Married couples fight, but it is thought they often do so partly because they cannot escape each other, living in an unbreakable tangle of loyalties, commitments and angers. College students, however, are free to walk out. Many

At 238 miles an hour, it

The fastest trains in the world are France's new TGVs.

They just set a world record, going 238 miles an hour.

(TGV, incidentally, stands for Très Grande Vitesse. Which is French for "very great speed.")

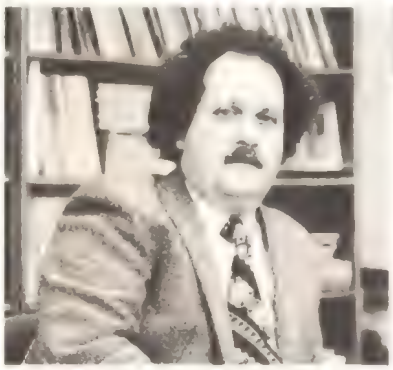
The French Railways commissioned these electrically-powered trains for the Paris-to Lyons run.

Even at their regular cruising speeds, the TGVs will do this 263-mile stretch – a distance greater than New York to Washington, D.C. – in under two hours.

How can trains fly at such speeds without shaking up their passengers? Or shaking

of them have also disavowed traditional sex roles. They advocate sexual freedom and claim they can handle its consequences. The macho man and helpless, victimized woman are supposed to be on their way to extinction. Sheila Korman, 28, a counselor at the University of Florida, wrote her master's thesis on sexual aggression in dating. "I think it comes from a number of sources," she says, "including economic frustrations and tensions and the feeling that you have no power in the world. So you show your power against someone who can't retaliate." Psychologist Paul Schauble, another counselor at the university, says there has been "perhaps a 10%" increase in violent squabbles among couples seeking counseling over the past two years. Not all the women, he says, are blameless victims of brutes: some are needlers who figure that the man cannot retaliate, and others provoke violence as a way of breaking through male indifference.

Sociologist Laner blames cruelty at coeducational institutions in large part on a "violence-loving society" that has nurtured this college generation on murder movies and newspaper stories detailing crimes of passion. Other experts speculate that lack of parietal rules has put too much sexual and emotional strain on the young. College students have always had a hard time deciding what comes first—school work or a loved one. On today's openly sexual, highly competitive campuses, even the most solid balancing act can come unbalanced. In such a zero-sum scenario, each hour spent with one's partner is an hour away from the books, and resentment builds. According to Princeton's Karen Tilbor, assistant dean of student affairs, "ambivalence" about priorities is at the root of violence among college couples.



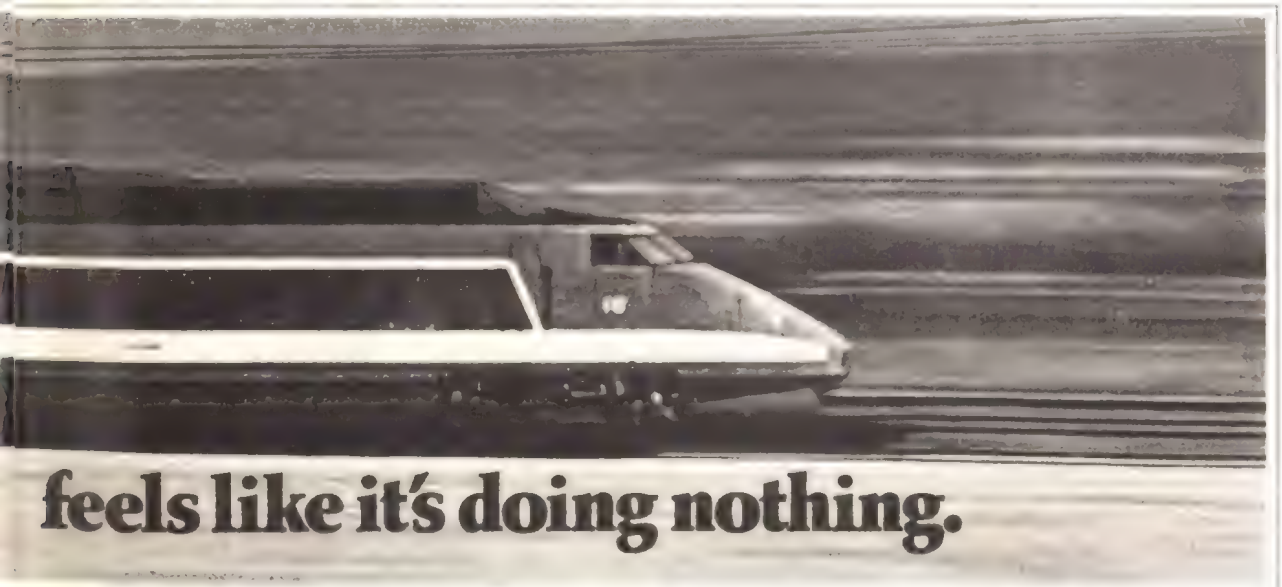
Oregon State Sociologist Rodney Cate

Perhaps a 10% rise in violent squabbles

But students often find separation harder to live with than abuse. Reason: fear of loneliness or of losing the status that comes from having a steady date. Tom, a 24-year-old student at a large Southwestern university, continued to date a hot-tempered classmate who, like a caricature of a wronged wife, regularly tossed plates at him and twice pushed him downstairs. Tom put up with such attacks for 22 months. "It was the first 'heavy' relationship I ever was involved in," he later explained. "You get so caught up in it you can't step out of it even though you know you're getting slugged every other week."

Some experts also note that many of these students have a tendency to see aggression as a kind of affection. They cite Oregon State students' response to questions about the "meaning of violence." Nearly 30% of the couples had at some time taken abuse as a sign of "love." And a number considered violence a "normal," even healthy part of a love affair. Three-quarters of those who had been involved in an assault said it did not do their relationship any harm. More than one-third felt that hitting, or being hit, actually improved their relationship.

A few experts, like Sociologist Dr. Kersti Yllo of Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., speculate that "loving" violence may partly be a byproduct of women's push for equality. Uncertainty about once traditional roles, she reasons, makes men more anxious to assert themselves and women more anxious to fight back. Still, many experts see the same old patterns in the new college violence. After all, says Makepeace: "Women are still the primary victims." ■



feels like it's doing nothing.

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"Get High on Yourself"

That's the message of an unusual NBC pitch to youth

You can be somebody with a plan
of your own,
You can say no and you won't be
alone.
You can make yourself get higher
than you have ever known.
By making up your own mind,
Doing things your own way,
Setting up your own style,
By being yourself.

By the end of next week, television viewers may know those words by heart. Set to an up tempo, the jingle will air nearly every hour during prime time on NBC for eight days. The oldest network is undertaking the most unusual public-service campaign in the history of television—and a major programming gamble. Every series episode will begin with a celebrity introducing the song, which is intended to be a rallying cry against teen-age drug abuse.

Such all-out attention is normally reserved for a national crisis. NBC says teen use of drugs and alcohol is just that: by age 17, 70% of all youths have sampled one or both. So the start of the network's season will be an antidrug special, half grim documentary, half musical extravaganza. The show, *Get High on Yourself*, also centers on the jingle, which is presented five times in pop, rock, acid rock, country and gospel versions. Warbling it among a huge cast will be 55 entertainment and sports celebrities, ranging from tuneful Olivia Newton-John to frog-flat Paul Newman. (Among others: John Travolta, Cheryl Tiegs, Tracy Austin, Muhammad Ali, Carol Burnett.) A week later the NBC campaign will close in a Bob Hope special, with a call by the comedian for a continuing, nationwide antidrug alert.

The whole effort has been guided by Hollywood Producer Robert Evans, 51 (*The Godfather, Chinatown* and *Popeye*). Evans has never worked in TV before. But then, he has never faced so special a challenge. In July 1980 Evans pleaded guilty in a New York federal court to agreeing to buy 5 oz. of cocaine for $19,000. Judge Vincent Broderick deferred judgment, offering Evans a chance to wipe his record clean after a year's probation. In return, said Broderick, "I want you to use your unique talents where others have failed in this horrible thing of drug abuse by children."

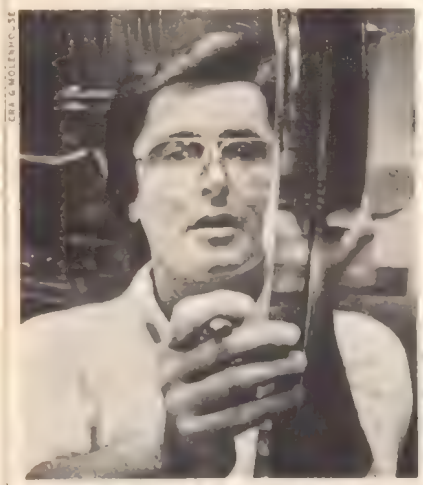
In a field dominated by scare tactics, Evans held to an affirmative theme. He committed $400,000 of his own money and recruited Steve Karmen, composer of the *I Love New York* theme, to donate the jingle. *Get High on Yourself* would ask "drug-free American heroes" to talk about the pleasure, and glamour, of life on a natural high. Just as important, during the 6-hr. taping of the commercials, the "heroes" would mingle with a racial rainbow of youngsters.

The special began as a single 60-sec. commercial and, with NBC's encouragement, just grew. It is a pastiche of folksy, campfire sing-alongs; rafter-shaking black church music; gritty rapping between Burt Reynolds and streetwise teens; and documentary footage about the making of the commercials and the special, with touches of Hollywood self-satire. Some of the sequences are blandly Middle American—Evans calls them "white bready." But there is plenty of funk in Rocker Ted Nugent. His hair hangs in crimped strands halfway down his bare, sweaty chest, and he talks in a singsong urban-punk cadence about how to stay straight while being more cool than the druggies. When he sings, the mild jingle becomes a heavy-rhythm wail.

The message is simple: Youngsters can meet stars, perhaps become stars, by straight living. Says Evans: "I want to get to the young kids, those nine to 13. If you start taking drugs at eleven, you become a total vegetable."

NBC's goals are more diffuse. In addition to performing a public service, the third-place network wants to arouse interest in its new fall series among the young viewers who control the TV dial in many homes. For the celebrities it was an unpaid labor of dedication. Most were recruited by Evans' co-producer Cathy Lee Crosby, star of ABC's stunt show, *That's Incredible!* All attested that they do not use drugs and promised further time to the Get High on Yourself Foundation, headed by Crosby. Says Bob Hope: "It is a problem that hits close to everyone's home." Adds Henry Winkler: "If you reach the babies before they get to the drug age, at least they will have some backbone. It starts with a sense of self."

Whether the program will have the hoped-for impact remains to be seen. *Get High on Yourself* begins with a belief that youths take drugs mostly out of boredom and peer pressure, that there is nothing particularly seductive or pleasurable about the drugs themselves. Through decades, doctors, social workers and legislators have learned that the drug problem is complex and deeply rooted. Even Judge Broderick sounded as much wistful as hopeful when he urged Evans to seek "a breakthrough where others have failed." —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles*



Producer Bob Evans in the editing room; his chorus of stars, including Tiegs, Hope, Winkler, Austin, Crosby, Newman

EARLY TIMES.
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1871. A hastily arranged reception for a pioneer balloonist.

On July 4, 1871, an astonished crowd in Kalamazoo, Michigan beheld a lone balloonist descend from the sky. He was Professor Steiner, the first mortal to fly across Lake Michigan. And even then, what would have been more appropriate at a welcoming party than Early Times. The whisky that made Kentucky whisky famous.

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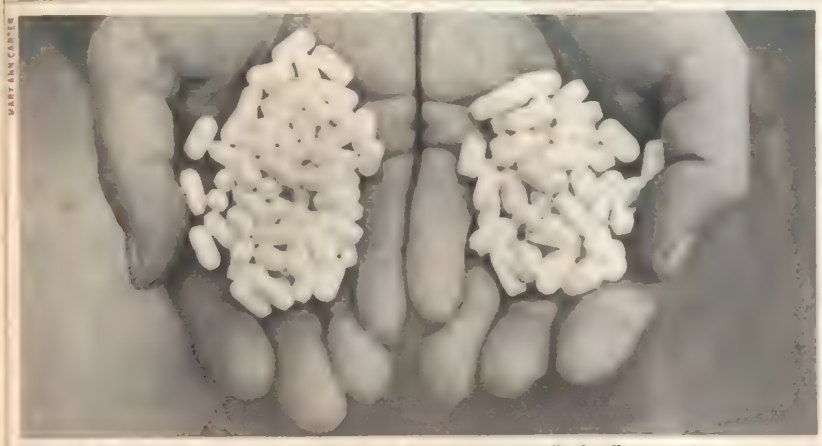

MARY ANN CARTER

The real thing, left, compared with imitations that have an equally deadly potential

"Look-Alikes": a New Drug Danger

Fake amphetamines are not only lethal but legal—for now

The 17-year-old girl in Belvidere, Ill., seemed to be just one more victim of an overdose of illegally obtained amphetamines. Police, finding the type of pills that allegedly killed her, thought they looked just like "black beauties," one of several forms in which amphetamines are sold. Analysis showed, however, that they were not amphetamines at all but a combination of substances commonly found in the cold remedies, diet and keep-awake pills sold over the counter in drugstores. The dead girl was a victim of the nation's latest drug danger: the "look-alike" pill.

Though they are made to mimic the appearance of the more expensive amphetamines, look-alike drugs contain no federally controlled substances (*i.e.*, with a high potential of dangerous abuse). Their primary ingredients are caffeine, a stimulant; ephedrine, a vascular constrictor; and phenylpropanolamine (PPA), a chemical cousin of amphetamines. The danger lies not in the kinds of chemicals they contain but in the amount. Whereas the average diet-aid capsule may contain about 50 mg of PPA and between 100 mg and 200 mg of caffeine, a look-alike capsule can carry 50 mg of PPA and 200 mg to 500 mg of caffeine, which in heavy doses can cause heart or respiratory failure. Says Dr. John Spikes, an Illinois toxicologist: "People hear caffeine, and they think of a cup of coffee. You get between 50 mg and 100 mg in a cup of coffee. The people we're seeing using these drugs are taking ten to 20 pills at once." In other words, they can ingest the caffeine of dozens of cups of coffee in one gulp. In the past two years, look-alikes have been implicated in the deaths of at least 14 people in New York, Maryland, Michigan, New Mexico, California and Illinois.

For the small manufacturers and dealers who purvey look-alikes, the product yields a lot of money with little legal risk. Says Lieut. Robert Long of the Massachusetts state police narcotics unit: "A dealer can buy about 1,000 look-alike pills for $45 per jar, or approximately 4¢ each. Then he goes out to some eighth-grader and sells those same pills for $2 apiece. Right off the bat he's making a profit of more than $2,000."

Ads for mail-order look-alikes ("safe, effective and *legal*") have appeared in publications like *Cosmopolitan* and Chicago's *Reader* and in leaflets passed out at rock concerts and in schoolyards. Ironically, the only instance in which it is not legal to make or sell them is when a manufacturer or dealer claims they are real amphetamines. In that case he can be prosecuted for fraud. But sellers carefully label look-alikes as "stimulants" and often include warnings about maximum dosage. Says Lieut. Long: "Most of these guys are not going to make the mistake of claiming to have something they don't. They just let the kids think they have it."

Because the drugs are not mislabeled by the manufacturer the Food and Drug Administration, which is responsible for the safety and efficacy of drugs, can do nothing under present laws. Neither can the Drug Enforcement Administration, which applies laws only against illegal use of controlled substances. But the U.S. Postal Service has filed complaints against 39 mail-order companies, charging them with misrepresenting the safety of their products. Delaware was the first of several states to pass special statutes against look-alikes, known as "turkey" laws, so named because "turkey" is the street term for phony drugs. Probably no serious headway will be made, however, until the Federal Government finds a way to block the look-alike loophole with a uniform national law. ■

Testes Test

A self-exam for cancer

Each month millions of women check their breasts for suspicious lumps in an effort to detect cancer early. Now doctors are urging men to perform a monthly self-examination of their own, this one aimed at cancer of the testicle.

The disease, though rare, is occurring with greater frequency. In the past 40 years, the incidence of reported cases has almost doubled in the U.S. Today it affects about four of every 100,000 men annually; an estimated 4,000 new cases are diagnosed each year. Once found primarily in older men, it now is the most common form of cancer in men between the ages of 20 and 34, causing 9% of all male cancer deaths in that age group.

No one knows why testicular cancer is increasing—or indeed why it strikes. It appears most frequently among white middle- and upper-class men. Two groups run 40 times the normal risk of developing the disease: men with a testicle that failed to descend from the abdominal cavity into the scrotum, a lapse that normally occurs during development of the fetus; and men with a testicle that descended only after they were six years old. Preliminary studies suggest that undescended testicles may be more frequent in boys born to women who received the hormone diethylstilbestrol, or DES, during pregnancy. The hormone was widely prescribed in the 1940s and 1950s to help prevent miscarriage.

Researchers at the University of California at San Francisco are beginning a three-year study of 250 patients with the disease to explore the connection with DES as well as other possible influences, including race, social class, on-the-job exposure to chemicals, even the type of underwear favored. One theory holds that men who wear tight shorts run a greater risk of developing the disease.

Although testicular cancer used to be regularly fatal, it is now often curable. Treatment may involve surgery, radiation and/or a combination of drugs, most notably cisplatin, which was first used experimentally only a decade ago. Even in severe cases, more than half the patients are cured. When the disease is detected early, the cure rate is nearly 100%.

Regular self-examination, say physicians, is the best way to find the disease early. The exam should be performed after a warm bath or shower, when the scrotal skin is most relaxed. The telltale sign is a lump the size of a pea. Doctors caution that a lump does not necessarily mean cancer, but it should be reported promptly to a physician and checked. ■

Topa Topa, the only California condor in captivity, awaits a mate in the Los Angeles Zoo

Love Among the Condors

Feathers fly in the fight over how to save the big, ugly birds

The male lets out a cry that sounds like a rake being scraped over cement. He flaps his wings—which span 9 ft.—at a bird only another condor could love: an ungainly, 20-lb. female, with lugubrious black feathers, yellow eyes and a bald, orange head. She coyly nibbles at his neck, and off they fly, monogamous partners for life. They will produce a single 4½-in. egg every two years, and their ugly infant will be dependent upon them for a year—or until he is old enough to find carrion for himself.

Pretty or not, that kind of romance has kept the California condor around since saber-toothed tigers roamed the Sierra Nevada. Whether the bird will continue to survive, however, has been in serious doubt since the last century. As North America's largest land bird, the condor has always made a seductively easy target. Indians prized its tough, 2-ft.-long feathers; 19th century hobbyists collected condor eggs, which could fetch $300. During the 1849 gold rush, its hollow quill feathers, waterproof and ½ in. in diameter, were favored as gold-dust containers. Even after the condor became a federally protected species in 1963, farming and development continued to destroy its habitat. Where condors once flourished by the thousands, all the way from Canada to Baja California, today fewer than 30 remain, living mainly in 54,000 acres of sanctuary north of Los Angeles.

Hoping to prevent the condor's "rapidly approaching extinction," the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the National Audubon Society presented the state of California with a radical proposal. Under its three-year plan, 21 condors would be trapped, nine to be kept for breeding, twelve to be tagged and released with tiny radio transmitters clipped to the back of their wings, allowing biologists to track them and study their life cycle. Some condor protectionists objected. The birds, they argued, are extremely sensitive to human contact. A man standing 500 yds. away can keep a condor from its nest all day, and last year, when researchers attempted to weigh a two-month-old chick at its nesting site, the bird collapsed and died of shock and acute heart failure. Moreover, the California condor has yet to perform its mating ritual in a cage. Last month the state fish and game commission approved a more modest intervention: two birds to be radio-tagged and only three kept for breeding during the first year, one of them to be mated at the Los Angeles Zoo with Topa Topa, the only California condor now in captivity.

At the Sierra Club and among other environmentalist groups, feathers are flying over even that much meddling in condor affairs. Some are threatening legal action to protect the big birds from their protectors. Says David Phillips, spokesman for the San Francisco–based Friends of the Earth: "Human interference has already pushed the condor closer to extinction. It's inherently too risky." Maybe so. But William Conway, director of the New York Zoological Society, points out that captive breeding has already saved the elephant seal, down to 20 animals in 1890 and now back up to nearly 40,000. It has also helped raise the number of whooping cranes from 15 in 1941 to more than 100. "There is every reason to believe it will work with the condor," says Conway, "unless we wait and argue too long."

—By Claudia Wallis

Whale of a Child

Brooklyn nurses a baby beluga

At birth it weighed 140 lbs. and measured 5 ft. 3 in. from snout to tail. Name: Nyci (pronounced *Nicky*), an acronym for "New York City's first." The big, blubbery infant is a beluga whale, and if it survives, it will be the first of these small, white, toothed marine mammals from the icy waters near the Arctic Circle successfully bred and born in captivity.

The birth occurred last month in a 50,000-gal. tank at the New York Aquarium, just off the boardwalk at Brooklyn's Coney Island. Both parents are performing belugas that regularly entertain visitors with such antics as retrieving objects and bussing their keepers. Because of their intelligence, size and docility, belugas (their name means *white* in Russian) have long been a favorite of aquariums and aquatic shows. At least three other baby belugas have been born in captivity, but none survived longer than a few weeks.

Nyci's parents have been no help at all. The father began taking mock bites at the newborn calf, and had to be put in a separate pen. The mother showed no desire to feed her first-born. Nyci downs two quarts of a formula—milk, heavy cream, casein, Lactaid and vitamins—piped daily into her stomach by keepers who have to swim out after her and pull her to the side of the pool for a feeding.

Scientists know almost nothing about raising young belugas—when, for example, to wean the calf and begin giving it a regular diet of mackerel and herring. Aquarium Director George Ruggieri, a marine biologist and Jesuit priest, acknowledges that he and his colleagues will need a lot of help, heavenly and otherwise, to ensure Nyci's survival. ■

Beluga calf, and friend, at one week

Mother and father were not much help.

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THE CREAM IS REAL. THE SPIRITS ARE REAL.
ONLY THE TASTE IS MAGIC!

Near myth: Ian Charleson as 1924 Olympics Winner Eric Liddell

Winning Race

CHARIOTS OF FIRE
Directed by Hugh Hudson
Screenplay by Colin Welland

Seeing *Chariots of Fire* is like exploring a wonderful historical restoration. All the brass has been polished, the draperies lovingly arranged, the superb craftsmanship of the antique furnishings set off by careful burnishing. At the very least one gets from the film an authentic sense of life as it must have been lived in a more gracious and perhaps more innocent time.

But there are real people moving through this movie's rooms, historical characters driven by private obsessions. By insisting that the audience share the weight of the traditions that pressed down upon the actual people, by forcing attention on the nuances of manners and speech of England in the 1920s, and by simply taking their own sweet time about telling their tale, the film makers throw into high relief the powerfully contrasting passions of the characters.

Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddell were, of all things, runners. But neither ran simply because he had the gift of speed. The former was the outwardly arrogant, inwardly fuming son of a rich Jewish family, ever conscious, despite his enrollment at Cambridge, of subtle, painful discrimination. He would beat these gentlemen at their own avocation—amateur sport. If that goal required paying a professional coach (wonderfully played by Ian Holm), a tactic that was against the code if not the formal rules, so be it. Liddell was of an entirely different breed. The modest and pious son of missionaries, he ran, as he saw it, for the glory of God. If his faith told him that he must not break the Sabbath by running on Sunday, then so be it. Never mind that the race he was passing up was a qualifying heat for the 1924 Olympics in Paris. Never mind that the Prince of Wales (played with sublime twittiness by David Yelland) was enlisted in the fruitless attempt to force him to trim his conscience.

That both men finally achieve athletic apotheosis in the Olympics is emotionally satisfying, of course, but almost incidental to the rewards of watching *Chariots of Fire*. This is not, after all, *Rocky*. It is something more even than a thinking man's *Rocky*. One takes from it subtler pleasures—the controlled ferocity of Ben Cross as Abrahams, for instance, and the gentle strength of Ian Charleson as Liddell. A word of praise, too, goes to a supporting cast that includes Sir John Gielgud and Lindsay Anderson as a pair of congealed Cambridge dons, Nigel Davenport and Patrick Magee as Olympic committeemen respectively too smooth and too Blimpish. Like every element in this picture, the actors look right; they seem to emerge from the past, instead of being pasted on to it, as so many characters in historical movies seem to be.

That quality, finally, is what distinguishes the film. Director Hudson is perhaps a little too much in love with slow-motion sport photography, but he is an imagist of surpassing skill. Whether it is a matter of getting the light just right in a college cloister, or of perfectly framing a group of runners in training on an ocean beach, or of making one feel that one has seen just how a D'Oyly Carte production of *The Mikado* must have looked in the '20s, Hudson painstakingly makes an obscure corner of history reverberate in a nearly mythic way. It is lovely work. And like old snapshots of forgotten people from another time, strangely evocative and moving.

—By Richard Schickel

Losing Face

MOMMIE DEAREST
Directed by Frank Perry
Screenplay by Frank Yablans, Frank Perry, Tracy Hotchner and Robert Getchell

It is not easy being a working mother—especially if your boss happens to be Louis B. Mayer and your job category is movie star. It is especially not easy if one of your adopted children turns out to be the spoiled and charmless brat portrayed in this silly movie about the domestic life of Joan Crawford. The sympathy one is supposed to feel for the poor little rich waif (played at different ages by Mara Hobel and Diana Scarwid) slides away from her and onto the fashionably padded shoulders of the actress, whom Faye Dunaway's makeup artist, Lee C. Harman, gets just right. It was Crawford, after all, who had the career problems, the man problems, the drinking problem and, finally, the aging problem. That she sometimes lost her temper at home is hardly the stuff of tragedy, or even good melodrama. Yes, she occasionally raised her hand to her daughter. But thousands of children suffer far more terrible abuse every day—and don't have backyard swimming pools to soothe their feelings. Or get to write vindictive autobiographies that become best-sellers because Mommie Dearest was also Mommie Famous.

Lacking psychological intelligence or, for that matter, awareness of Hollywood sociology, *Mommie Dearest* is just a collection of screechy scenes further distanced by convictionless direction. Confronted by a movie without narrative tension or human interest, one is finally reduced to watching the paint dry—on Dunaway's face.

—R.S.

Dunaway as Crawford

Getting the makeup on straight.

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL MEMPHIS, TENN.

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Deadly Dilemma for Women

An old debate on rape rages anew: Fight or play for time?

When Frederic Storaska—beefy, confident, macho—arrives on a college campus for one of his celebrated lectures, he knows that two things are likely to happen: 1) many women in the audience will be enthusiastic, even adoring; and 2) feminists outside will picket and denounce him as a leering chauvinist showman and just plain wrong on how to avoid rape.

Storaska *vs.* the feminists is the longest-running mongoose-and-cobra act in the field of rape prevention. Storaska, 39, holder of a black belt in karate, is the star of a 1975 film called *How to Say No to a Rapist and Survive*, still one of the most widely shown educational movies ever. In Los Angeles, feminists helped banish the film from public libraries and police education units. Says Charles Ussery, police chief in nearby Long Beach: "It depicts strategy that is no longer being advanced." But other police departments, and many women, are not so sure. Complains Eddy Marshman of the National Coalition Against Sexual Assault: "To my consternation, nonfeminist women viewing the film tend to like it."

Storaska's style can be abrasive. Feminists condemn as inappropriate his constant attempts at humor, which he says help women relax. (Sample: in ridiculing women who rely on Mace or any other spray to protect them, "What are you going to do if the wind is blowing in your face? Say to him, 'Excuse me, but would you mind raping me from the other direction?' ") He acts bewildered by the personal attacks. In interviews, Storaska outfeminizes the militant feminists, proclaiming that the rape impulse is deeply embedded in a male-dominated society. What, then, do the militants really have against him? "Testosterone," he quips.

He might have put it more delicately: many feminists are no longer interested in listening to lectures by men on rape, and some rape crisis centers do not welcome men on the premises. Still, the real issue is neither the Storaska style nor hormones, but his basic advice: Play for time, use your wits, and go along with the rapist until you have a chance to react safely. Feminists and many rape-resistance experts think it is far better to scream, run or struggle immediately. In one of Storaska's favorite examples, a female student is accosted by a male who says sharply: "I want you to get in that car." Thinking quickly, the woman says "Great!," tells the man she followed him out from the dance, then gives him a peck on the cheek. She says she has to go back inside to tell her friend not to wait for her. Once safely inside, she screams rape.

Teacher and attacker in protective helmet demonstrate self-defense at Stanford University

Does fighting back during the first 30 seconds increase the odds of serious injury?

Some feminists hate the idea of using such seductive techniques even in self-defense. Says an anti-Storaska brochure from the Syracuse Rape Crisis Center: "We are concerned about the self-image of a woman who responds with feigned affection to a rapist, and is still unsuccessful in avoiding rape. Then what about her guilt, her anger, her feeling of being used?" Feminists also complain that if women use Storaska's system and fail, the rapist can rarely be convicted. Jackie Connor, an assistant district attorney in Los Angeles, agrees: "I simply won't file a case if the woman did not resist. It's a waste of time."

Many people who study rape, including both Storaska and some of his critics, agree the rapist will flee about 50% of the time if the woman resists quickly. Says Lynn Mylius of the Houston Rape Crisis Hotline: "During that first half-minute, do absolutely everything you can to escape —kick, scream, scratch, anything." Says Storaska: "That's fine, if your rapist is in the 50% who run away. If he isn't, you're likely to get maimed or killed. It's better to try to think your way out. If that fails, you still have the option to fight or run." Although that option is often glossed over in feminist putdowns of Storaska, in fact he says women should consider trying to gouge an eye or squeeze a testicle hard enough to send the rapist into shock.

When A. Nicholas Groth, author of *Men Who Rape* and head of the sex offender program at Somers (Conn.) Correctional Institution, showed the Storaska film to a group of convicted rapists, they agreed with the feminist criticisms. "He's making a joke out of rape," said one. Another called Storaska "an idiot" for advising women to go along, and said he would "never" show the film to his own daughter. Groth says the rapists generally felt that early resistance would have caused them to flee and find a more passive woman. Yet, he adds: "I've been told by many of these men that a victim's physical resistance turned the rape attempt into homicide. In these cases, the assailant thought he was losing control."

Research is just as contradictory. Feminist sociologists have begun to turn out surveys aimed at refuting Storaska. Pauline Bart of the University of Illinois interviewed 94 victims of rape attempts and concluded that fighting usually works. But national law enforcement studies conclude that while resistance or immediate flight notably increases a victim's chances of escape, it also increases the odds on sustaining heavy injuries. One difference rumbling through the debate is unlikely to be erased by research. Storaska is trying to convince women that he has the best way to minimize risk. But anger at the prevalence of rape makes women long to fight back. Feminists, especially, want to rouse female pride and punish rapists. To do that, they seem a bit more willing to gamble with the safety of the woman in the street. —*By John Leo. Reported by Tricia Crane/Los Angeles*

Frederic Storaska

Some of the 16,500 tablets and fragments, perhaps the most complete record of an ancient civilization, lie in the Royal Palace at Ebla

New Grounding for the Bible?

Scholars debate 45-century-old writings found in Syria

Lord of heaven and earth:
The earth was not; you created it.
The light of the day was not;
you created it.
The morning light you had not yet made exist.

Those lines seem a modern rewrite of *Genesis*, Chapter 1. In fact, the words are far older. They come from a hymn of praise to a creator-god, written some 45 centuries ago and preserved in the buried remains of the ancient city of Ebla, in present-day Syria. Between 1974 and 1976, 16,500 tablets and fragments were unearthed by a team of Italian archaeologists at Ebla, perhaps the most complete record of an ancient civilization ever recovered.

This week the English-speaking world gets its first detailed look at the contents of those tablets in *The Archives of Ebla* (Doubleday; $15.95) by Giovanni Pettinato, the team member originally in charge of deciphering the ancient inscriptions. The book is translated from Italian, as was an earlier 1981 title, *Ebla: An Empire Rediscovered* (Doubleday; $14.95), an overview by Paolo Matthiae, head of the Ebla dig. Pettinato's translation of the creation hymn sharpens a question that has already tantalized laymen and provoked squabbles among the experts: Do these tablets have any bearing on the Bible?

Enthusiasts claim that Ebla could revise theories on the origins of Judaism, Christianity and Islam; alter many scriptural interpretations; make all current Bible translations obsolete; and require scholars to credit the Old Testament with greater historical accuracy. These and related matters are, of course, vital to millions of believers.

On the other hand, the theological significance of Ebla may be nil. Although the city was once a great commercial center, trading with Canaan and regions beyond, Matthiae insists that tablets from the 3rd millennium B.C. are far too old to have any important links with the much later texts of the Old Testament. Moreover, Ebla's language is problematic. "Eblaite" is a Semitic tongue written in cuneiform characters borrowed from Mesopotamia. The reigning cuneiform expert at the University of Chicago, Ignace J. Gelb, who classifies the Eblaite tongue as most akin to the Mesopotamian languages of Old Akkadian and Amorite, and thus distant from Hebrew, believes that the discoveries at Ebla add "nothing directly to biblical scholarship." But Pettinato, who first deciphered Eblaite, considers it an early Canaanite language closest to the northwestern Semitic languages of Hebrew and Ugaritic (the latter was discovered in 1929 at an earlier dig in Ugarit, Syria). One specialist in Ugaritic and Hebrew, American Jesuit Mitchell Dahood of Rome's Pontifical Biblical Institute, goes further. He contends that Eblaite is more directly tied to Hebrew than to Ugaritic, although Ebla was closer to Ugarit in both geography and chronology. Against a considerable scholarly onslaught, Father Dahood has now become the leading proponent of ties between Ebla and the Bible.

Some of the earliest controversy over the Ebla findings was sparked when famous names in the Bible—Adam, Eve, Jonah and David among them—turned up on the Ebla tablets. This did

not mean the same persons were being written about, but indicated that Ebla and the Bible could have come from similar cultural milieus.

Especially tantalizing was the appearance of two names which later appear in the Hebrew tradition: Abraham, the spiritual forefather of Jews, Christians and Muslims, and his biblical ancestor Eber (whose name formed the root of the term Hebrew). Even Matthiae, who now scorns such Bible links, had once suggested that Ebrium, the king during Ebla's golden age, might have evolved into the Eber of *Genesis 10*.

Pettinato was more certain. He proposed that Abraham was a native of northern Syria. An intriguing Ebla text shows a town named Ur near Haran, the biblical town in Syria from which Abraham moved into the promised land. *Genesis*, however, says that Abraham grew up in "Ur of the Chaldees," understood by both the biblical and Islamic traditions to be the famous Ur in lower Mesopotamia. Ebla aside, the Israelites were instructed in *Deuteronomy 26: 5* to recite that Abraham was "a wandering Aramaean." In other words, the Bible labeled him a Syrian.

The merest suggestion that the Eblaites might have been the ancestors of today's Israelis fell into Middle East politics like a missile. Israeli archaeologists shuddered. The Syrians detected Zionist designs in the notion and persuaded Matthiae and Pettinato to warn other scholars publicly against making ethnic linkages between the 3rd millennium B.C. and the 20th century.

Pettinato's new book cannily avoids this issue and also skirts another heated dispute involving Abraham. The only part of the Abraham narrative in *Genesis* open to archaeological corroboration is a military story in Chapter 14. It specifies nine kings and numerous sites, including Sodom and Gomorrah and three other "Cities of the Plain" along the Dead Sea. In 1976 Pettinato startled a convention of U.S. professors of religion by reporting that references to all five of those cities crop up at Ebla. More recently, he has modified his claim: three of the five names occur—Sodom, Gomorrah and Zoar—and he explains that these might not be the same as the cities mentioned in *Genesis*. But Father Dahood contends that these cities, once commonly thought by experts to be mythical, "were probably doing business with Ebla around 2500 B.C."

Findings from Ebla may have an even broader impact. Many liberal Bible scholars treat Abraham not as a historical figure but as a sort of Semitic King Arthur. Their view is that the stories about Abraham and the other Patriarchs must have been written down more than 1,000 years later than the events they purport to describe. Now, in the area of the world that produced the Bible, Ebla has established that sophisticated and extensive written culture existed well before Moses and even Abraham, as early as the middle of the 3rd millennium B.C. According to the ebullient Dahood, "After Ebla, we've got to take the Bible much more seriously as a historical document. The people who wrote those books had a long literary tradition behind them."

A typical Ebla tablet, listing revenues in silver and gold raised by the city-state's governors in a single year

Because of that possibility, Pettinato's new account of religion at ancient Ebla is especially significant. The bulk of the 1,000 tablets and fragments are dreary (though revealing) marketing or political records. But about 150 are literary, including myths, epic narratives, hymns to deities, rituals, collections of proverbs, and incantations against everything from demons to scorpions. Some of Ebla's 500 deities had the same names as the ones which were later to tempt the Israelites in Canaan, notably Baal.

Pettinato theorizes that the Eblaites evolved from polytheism into henotheism, the worship of a supreme creator-god within the pantheon. Ebla's pre-eminent deity was Dagan, a name which reappears as the Philistine god in the biblical account of Samson. Pettinato writes that in some Eblaite personal names, the syllables *ya* and *el* mean "god," and that Ya might have been the proper name of a specific deity. Naturally that brings to mind the later Hebrew names for the one God, *Yahweh* (Jehovah) and *El* (Lord). Pettinato also finds in Ebla a possible Flood story, prophets and tribal leaders whose function is reminiscent of the biblical Judges.

All such theoretical links depend upon transliterations and translations from the tablets themselves, and here the disputes give ample reason for caution. In the hybrid Eblaite language, a single sign can have a dozen meanings. Indeed, Alfonso Archi of the University of Rome, now the Ebla epigrapher, accuses both Pettinato and Dahood of distorting Eblaite religion by mistranslations. Harvard's Frank Cross, an authority on the Old Testament, believes that solid application of the Ebla findings remains a generation or two away. The majority of scholars concur.

Because of the difficulties, Father Dahood insists that all ancient Near Eastern languages must be studied in order to understand any one of them. He contends that "Ebla is clarified on point after point by the Bible," and vice versa. In a 48-page addendum to the Pettinato book he offers extensive technical examples from specific Bible texts. Dahood reckons that nearly a third of the poetic passages in the Old Testament still "evade precise translation and grammatical analysis." The major reason: 1,700 of the 8,000 Hebrew words in the Bible occur only once. Dahood reported last month that 70 of those perplexing words have already been found at Ebla. Thus, he says, "not a single one of the Old Testaments in English is up to date." For accuracy, he thinks future translators and historians must rely far more on Ebla and Ugarit, and less on the background from Egypt and Mesopotamia.

It is here that Ebla's biblical implications are least open to skepticism. The ancient inscriptions, with their extended bilingual word lists, are almost certain to clear up numerous textual obscurities. When Dahood began his work on Ugaritic and the Old Testament many years ago, a conservative colleague in Rome said: "It's hard to believe that God would make us wait all these years for these dirty tablets to find out what the Bible means." To an extent that is what happened with the Ugarit find, and then the Dead Sea Scrolls. Now Ebla is vying to become the 20th century's third great breakthrough in biblical archaeology.

—By Richard N. Ostling

Decipherer Pettinato

Discoverer Matthiae

Advocate Dahood

An Ancient City Lives

In 1955 a farmer unearthed a strange item in the Syrian sands: a snarling lion carved from gray basalt. He dug a little further and found a ritual basin ringed with marching warriors and a banquet scene. The pieces ended up in the national museum at Aleppo.

Seven years later the Syrian government requested an archaeological team in a cultural exchange with Italy. In charge was Archaeologist Paolo Matthiae, 22. The intense young archaeologist decided to search for a settlement from the 2nd millennium B.C. that would reveal the urban roots of Western European culture. He had dated the broken basin to that era and discovered, near the farmer's field, the imposing Tell Mardikh with telltale pottery shards strewn across its surface. The dig began in 1964. What was found raised more questions, but no sensational finds—till four years later. Then, on a scorching day, workers uncovered a 2nd millennium headless basalt statue of a man wearing a robe inscribed with the first cuneiform signs found on the site. In the 26 columns of writing one electrifying word stood out: Ebla. Matthiae suddenly realized that he had discovered a city as potentially revealing as Troy.

The team kept at work analyzing the layers, fixing the phases of the settlement's life, beginning with a Bronze Age farming settlement of 3000 B.C. and ending with a city in political and cultural decline, destroyed in 1600 B.C. by the invading Hittites. In 1973 the team found a royal palace from the 3rd millennium and, a year later, a small room with 42 tablets, resembling petrified waffles flung across the floor. The cuneiform on some tablets was Sumerian; on others it was indecipherable. Almost 1,000 more tablets were unearthed in September 1975.

The day that would make Ebla a historic find came at the end of that month. The team located a wall of a small palace room and sank a shaft into its west corner. Matthiae peered down—and saw the most significant library of the ancient world ever found. "My first impression," he says, "was that I was looking at a sea of clay tablets." Most were in piles on the floor where they had crashed down as the city was sacked in 2250 B.C. Ironically, the fire of the Akkadian conquerers ensured that the tablets would survive the passage of centuries, baking them to a stonelike hardness.

Professor of Assyriology Giovanni Pettinato was mystified by the writings. Cuneiform is, after all, not a language, only a style of writing. While the epigraphist could recognize the characters, some of them formed words of a language he had never encountered. Pettinato pondered photographs of the tablets for three months, then cracked the code. Sumerian characters had been used to write an early Western Semitic tongue he dubbed "Eblaite." On other tablets, straight Sumerian was written, functioning as an official language, as Latin did in medieval Europe.

ERICH LESSING

Arab workmen removing earth from royal tomb area

Now out of the cryptic tablets tumbled thousands of names, places, deals and directives, accounts of taxes paid, textiles traded and treaties sealed. One tablet listed 70 names of animals; another, 260 ancient cities not yet known to historians. Still another was a breakdown of booty taken in a conquest of neighboring Mari, 240 miles away: the victorious commander got 15%, the rest went to the king of Ebla. Along with some literary documents, Pettinato also discovered a spectacular bonus: bilingual dictionaries, the oldest ever found, matching Eblaite words to Sumerian equivalents —and confirming his readings of the new language.

In the years since there have been bitter arguments about the meaning of Ebla, but one undisputed fact rises above the clamor: the Tell Mardikh find ranks with such 20th century archaeological sensations as the tomb of Tutankhamun in Egypt (1922), Ugarit (1929), Mari on the middle Euphrates (1930s) and the Dead Sea Scrolls (1947).

In the end, Ebla may outrank them all. For the tablets reveal the unsuspected existence of an urbane culture that gathered some 30,000 traders, farmers, bureaucrats, artisans and an extraordinary academy of scribes within the circular walls of a great commercial city. Moreover, Ebla dominated an outlying area of perhaps 300,000 people, one of the largest populations of any ancient city-state. The discovery has closed the archaeological gap between Egypt and, to the east, Sumer.

The Tell Mardikh strata reveal that Ebla reached its zenith in the middle of the 3rd millennium, around 2300 B.C. It reigned over a vast network of trade routes, lending business expertise to cities hundreds of miles away. A century later it had apparently fallen, its coffers plundered and its walls razed by rivals to the south.

Amid the outpouring of dry statistics, the rich fabric of an independent culture has begun to emerge, one so affluent that it may well have rivaled ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia. In the halcyon years of the archive (c. 2350-2250 B.C.), the metropolis lured traders from Persia, present-day Turkey, Lebanon, Damascus, Sumer and Egypt. Students journeyed from Mari, Kish and Emar to enroll at the academy, then went back home to practice their craft. The prosperity was partly due to Ebla's agricultural acumen. One tablet records the warehousing of 548,500 measures of barley—enough for 18 million meals. Ebla may also have been the first city in the Near East to supplant bartering with use of gold and silver as currency. The complex government was headed by a king, *Malik(u)*, elected peaceably to a seven-year term. A watchdog senate, the wealthy *Ab-bu* or "elders," wielded backroom power.

There is far more to be revealed: most of the tablets have yet to be published. Meanwhile the diggers are hard at work in the 1981 season, which concludes next month. Does the mound of Tell Mardikh hold more buried tablets with more disclosures? Do the glory years of Ebla hold the true roots of contemporary Western economics and customs? The questions are no longer timeless; the answers are emerging from the sands.

Milestones

MARRIED. Mairead Corrigan, 37, who as co-founder of the Peace People in Northern Ireland shared in the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize; and **Jack Maguire,** 37, auto mechanic and widower of the bride's sister, Anne Maguire, who inspired the movement after three of her children were killed by a car involved in a shootout between British troops and an Irish Republican Army guerrilla; she for the first time, he for the second; in Rome.

MARRIED. George Wallace, 62, former Alabama Governor and American Independent Party presidential candidate; and **Lisa Taylor,** 32, country-and-western singer turned executive of a family-owned coal firm; he for the third time, she for the second; in Prattville, Ala. Wallace, who was divorced from his second wife Cornelia in 1978, met Taylor when she and her sister sang at voter rallies during his 1968 presidential campaign.

DIED. Charles S. Sheldon II, 64, former chief of the Science Policy Research Division of the Library of Congress who over the past two decades ranked as perhaps the nation's leading authority on the Soviet space effort; of cancer; in Arlington, Va.

DIED. Hideki Yukawa, 74, Japanese physicist who, while working as a visiting professor at Columbia University in 1949, became his country's first Nobel prizewinner for his theories on subatomic particles, which predicted the existence of the meson, a bit of energized matter believed to hold the atomic nucleus together; of pneumonia; in Kyoto.

DIED. Edwin Link, 77, inventor of the Link flight simulator, a device used to train millions of military and commercial airline pilots for instrument landings; of cancer; in Binghamton, N.Y. A seasoned pilot at age 25, Link built his first simulator in 1929 and, as the head of Link Aviation from 1935 to 1954, went on to produce trainers for radar, gunnery and space navigation. Starting in the 1950s, he helped to develop a series of manned ocean explorers, including the first practical submersible with an exit hatch to allow divers to explore the ocean floor at far greater depths than before

DIED. Jacques Lacan, 80, controversial French psychoanalyst who in 1964 founded the Freudian School of Paris after being expelled from the International Psychoanalytical Association for unorthodox practices (his sessions with patients were sometimes as brief as five or even three minutes); of an abdominal tumor; in Paris. Lacan, who last year dissolved the Freudian School on the ground that it had fallen into "deviations and compromises," maintained that adult psychic disorders often stemmed from the learning of language—and the repression of nonverbal ideas and urges—during childhood

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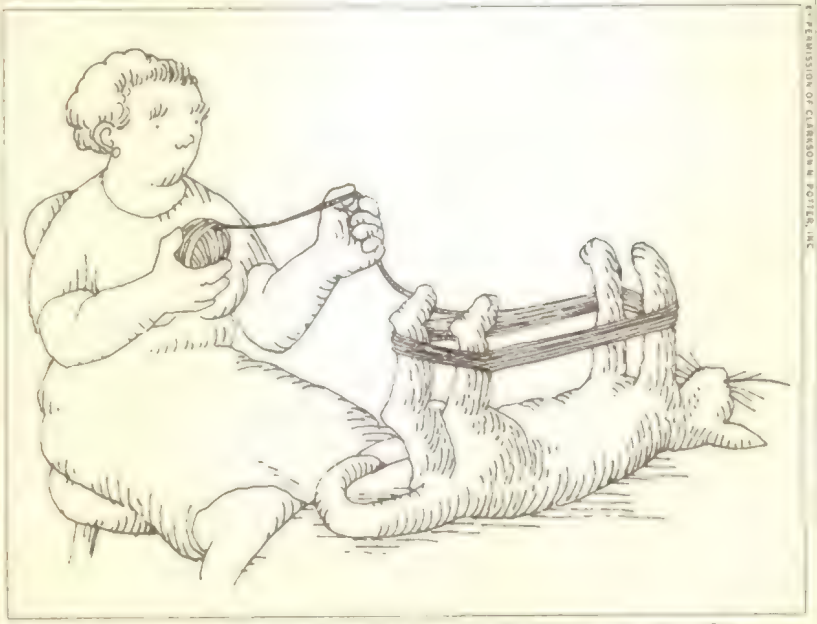

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Recycled tabby becomes a handy knitting aid in Simon Bond's *101 Uses for a Dead Cat*

A Comeuppance for Cats

Ailurophobia is breaking out all over the place

The trouble with a kitten is
THAT
Eventually it becomes a
CAT.
—Ogden Nash

The American cat of any age or gender enjoys semisacrosanct status approaching that of the holy cow in India. There are some 25 million pet felines in the U.S.; their care and feeding cost up to $1.8 billion a year, which is more than the defense budget of Brazil. Yet, deep in the American psyche, there is evidently a bristling resentment of *Felis domestica*. This has erupted in a litter of books that celebrate a new and fast-growing cult of ailurophobia (hatred or fear of cats).

The most controversial is *101 Uses for a Dead Cat* (Clarkson N. Potter, $2.95), which has sold 600,000 copies since publication last April and has headed the trade paperback bestseller list for twelve straight weeks. It is a collection of mordant and often macabre cartoons by English Artist Simon Bond, who is violently allergic to living cats but has no end of ingenious notions for recycling cadavers. The Charles Addams of ailurophobia, he sees deceased tabbies as admirable substitutes for more conventional objects ranging from anchors to wine holders (not to mention cat's cradles and cat-o'-nine-tails). Bond's graphic suggestions have triggered a barrage of ailurophiliac mail charging the cartoonist and publisher with everything from obscenity to sadism. Among furious readers' suggestions are sequels titled *101 Uses for a Dead Simon Bond* and, to his publisher, *101 Ways to Go Broke*.

Another paperback bestseller, *The Second Official I Hate Cats Book* (Holt Rinehart Winston; $3.95), makes no pretense whatever of liking *Felis*. The animals pictured by Cartoonist Skip Morrow are uniformly fat and dumb —and alive—and they get a variety of comeuppances in ways that manage to be amiably humorous. The two *I Hate* books have 575,000 copies in print. They too have stirred a barrage of virulently pro-feline protest mail.

The cruelest is to be published this week. *Cat Hater's Handbook*, subtitled *The Ailurophobe's Delight* (Avenel; $2.98) and illustrated by Tomi Ungerer, goes after cats as if they were creatures of the devil (some people think they are). Ailurophobe Author William Cole contends that cats are cruel, treacherous, unloving, smelly and parasitical. Cole assails the vaunted feline IQ, quoting a scientist at the American Museum of Natural History as saying that "a judgment from the literature would put the intelligence of cats below dogs and above rats." According to another researcher, the cat "is no philosopher, no mechanician, no student of human affairs; merely . . . cherished for her air of aloofness and that aura of mystery which surrounds her." About the only good thing Cole has to say about the creature is culled from the continental reporter Labouchere, who noted that cats became a gourmet item during the 1870 siege of Paris. Their flavor, he recorded, is "something between a rabbit and a squirrel, with a flavor of its own. It is delicious. Don't drown your kittens. Eat them." Publishing industry sources would not confirm rumors that a book of recipes is being hurried into print.

Why, all of a sudden, should sick cat jokes prove so appealing? For one thing, since the triumph of Poland's Solidarity union movement, Polish jokes are out. For another, many people are being made aware of long-hidden resentment of the pampered pets and their golden-eyed contempt toward the humans privileged to support them. Pop Psychologist Joyce Brothers regards ailurophobia, at least in its literary form, as a harmless put-on. "If you get upset at this," she says, "you have too much emotional involvement in your pet." Harvey Mindess, an authority on the psychology of humor, sniffs: "*101 Uses* proves that there are a lot of ten-year-olds in the buying public." Mindess speculates that Simon Bond was probably once "rejected by a voluptuous Siamese."

All this may only be the beginning. Bond's publisher received an approving letter from an organization on the Arabian gulf known as the Bahrain Dead Cat Society (slogan: FELIX MORTE). The society's letterhead notes that it is affiliated with the North American Dead Dog Society, the Kenyan Institute for Crushed Aardvarks and the Fiji Squashed Squid Squad. ■

Vino Veritas

A taste of class in Mass.

You might enjoy this Spanish Rioja, Principe Rio '75. The 1980 Vouvray has good nose and body and a fair price, $4.75, and the Duvino '79 from Northern Italy is a modest red, well worth $2.95 . . . At last, wine tasting with a difference. These oenological odysseys are conducted not in a living room but in well-stocked liquor stores in Cambridge and Newton, Mass. Like many other wine and spirits stores catering to upper-income Bay Staters, they are taking advantage of a new Massachusetts law that permits retailers to let prospective customers sample their wines. The law, introduced by Democratic State Representative Daniel Pokaski, is the only one of its kind in the U.S. Unlike most types of standard-brand hard liquor, most wines are a mystery until they are sampled, Pokaski points out. Retailers enthusiastically endorse the *veritas in vino* policy. And after a month of on-the-house sampling, store owners report no freeloading lines outside or winos inside. ■

Galloping Lust, Crawling Remorse

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE
by Peter De Vries; Little, Brown; 232 pages; $11.95

Peter De Vries is one of those sad comics with bloodhound eyes who seem to be sniffing their gloomy way toward the ultimate one-liner: "All flesh is as grass." Or "Id is not just another big word." Or maybe: "Nostalgia isn't what it used to be." The perfect allegorical hero for De Vries might be a Dutch Calvinist furniture mover from Chicago (like De Vries' father), carrying the world on his shoulders—especially the heavy end with the lode of guilt.

It is one thing for a De Vries reader to look forward to one more evocation of the Last Judgment as reflected in a fun-house mirror. But how does De Vries himself do it at 71, after more than 20 novels? How does he manage to conduct a cast of characters on yet another tour between Terre Haute and hell, with nobody quite able to tell the difference? It may be practice, it may be panic. It may even be genius. Whatever his secret, the author of *Sauce for the Goose* again earns the degree of Master of Antic Angst.

The master tends to assign his novels a topic. In *The Mackerel Plaza* it was the state of religion in the U.S. *I Hear America Swinging* concerned the manner and mores of the newly liberated male; *Comfort Me With Apples* chose the form of parody for a series of hilarious lectures on modern literature. Here, sexual harassment is the ordure of the day. Voluptuous, innocent Daisy Dobbin, an investigative reporter, is sent undercover into New York offices to collect evidence for her feminist editor Bobsy Diesel. But it is the leathery Bobsy who does the harassing, vigorously attempting to seduce Daisy.

De Vries' males, as usual, are not much of a moral improvement on women, proving Daisy's dictum: "Men were all alike, though, of course, some were more alike than others." Dirk Dolfin, a one-man Dutch conglomerate with wavy blond hair and dazzling teeth, possesses the two essentials of a De Vries hero: galloping lust and crawling remorse. He is as briskly efficient at lovemaking as he is at self-reproach. After a romp among the paper clips, Dirk's afterplay consists of pillow talk about eternal damnation. Then, subsequent to monologues on, say, the doctrine of supralapsarianism, the old Dutch cleanser marches his partner to the tub and scours her flesh with the same manic energy normally devoted to saucepans.

De Vries has his own compulsion, operating with an old-fashioned belief that more is more. In *Sauce for the Goose*, subplots sprout out of subplots. He even deploys amnesia in one story line, forgetting just why the line began in the first place. No pratfall is beneath him. His pun can still be mightier than his word, and he delights in portmanteau items, as in the case of the little band of fundamentalists who obstinately refuse to cut their "umbilical" cord. But at times his verbal games can become so outrageous that you can't see de words for De Vries.

Yet no matter how silly the names and games, the playground is condemned. In a Chinese restaurant, dropping a saccharine pellet into her tea, Daisy suddenly interrupts the stock jokes with thoughts about age fit to shatter a fortune cookie: "What a series of discarded selves each of us is . . . one beneath the other, like successive paintings on a single canvas." Indeed, the author's most dangerous game is never one of verbs but of dogmas, in this case religious and feminist. No other ism has yet been able to tempt him from the chastity of his sole conviction: skepticism. Even so, De Vries, nose pressed against the stained glass, gives the impression that he would sacrifice anything—even his faith—to join some congregation, any congregation. Which is why after the bodies and psyches have been exploded all over the fun house, there is a final try at affirmation. In *The Blood of the Lamb*, a novel about death in the family where the black completely eclipsed the humor, De Vries carved out a desperate little ledge above the abyss for his pulpit. "Human life," he wrote, " 'means' nothing. But that is not to say that it is not worth living."

In *Sauce for the Goose* he saves his exhortation for perhaps the only institution he half-believes in: matrimony. Who among his devoted followers can doubt that the union of Daisy and Dirk is intended as an upbeat ending? Especially after these life sentences: "A gray-haired man in his sixties named Christian Crocker had the floor.

" 'I don't for the life of me understand why people keep insisting marriage is doomed,' he was saying. 'All five of mine worked out.' "

—By Melvin Maddocks

EVELYN FLORES

Peter De Vries: on a tour between Terre Haute and hell

Excerpt

"He sat slumped in a corner of the cab, his head on his chest. He looked like a whipped puppy. She slipped a hand into his. 'I had a friend who had a friend who—get this—failed to make an unsuccessful attempt on his life.'

'You mean he banked on being rescued at the last minute, and wasn't.'

'You're pretty smart. Yes, he was a failure *manqué*. You see, he took an overdose of barbiturates, planning to be found out cold by a roommate returning from a date, but still alive so he could be plied with black coffee and marched around the room and so forth and so on till the ambulance arrived and rushed him to the hospital. A dramatic bid making him the Tragic Romantic figure he fancied himself. Well, the roommate stayed with his girl all night and came in the next morning, to find him dead as a mackerel. So the moral is, we mustn't try any fancy tricks.'"

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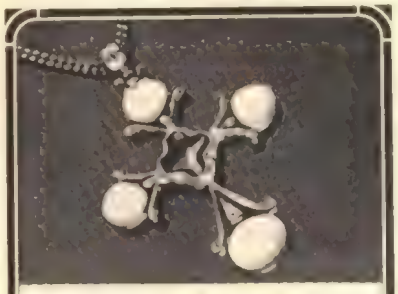

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Books

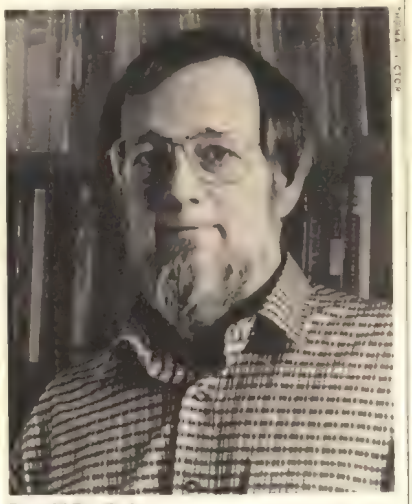
Green Flies

SIXTY STORIES
by Donald Barthelme
457 pages; Putnam; $15.95

Donald Barthelme must be high on anyone's list of great unread *New Yorker* writers, and this retrospective shows why. Open it at any point and there the author is, fluting a different tune but charming the same old snake. How strange life is, say his mannered little perplexities. How strangely strange. How oddly unfathomable. Can't make head or tail of it. Weird.

There is no arguing about this message, or about Barthelme's delivery. After all these years of rehearsal, he ought to have his act together. "Cortés and Montezuma are walking, down by the docks. Little green flies fill the air. Cortés and Montezuma are holding hands; from time to time one of them disengages a hand to brush away a fly." No byline is needed; the spooky confluence of matter-of-fact observation (those green flies) and dreamlike lunacy (the handholding strollers) identify the paragraph as Barthelme's.

To be unmistakable, however, is often to be predictable. Barthelme seems to stage the same kind of illusion every time he writes. No, he does not write about Cortés and Montezuma in every story; in fact, he is not writing about them in the sketch quoted above. There is in fact no subject matter to his pieces. Characters and situations are used the way a hypnotist employs a pocket watch swinging at the end of a chain. It is the hypnosis that is important, not the swing of the watch. A short piece called *The Party* begins, "I went to a party and corrected a pronunciation. The man whose voice I had adjusted fell back into the kitchen. I praised a Bonnard. It was not a Bonnard. My new glasses, I explained, and I'm terribly sorry, but significant variations elude me, vodka exhausts me, I was young once, essential services are being maintained." A passage from *The Zombies* begins: "The zombies say: 'Wonderful time! Beautiful day! Marvelous singing! Excellent beer! Would that lady marry me? I don't know!' In a high wind the leaves fall from the trees, from the trees." Different dreams, the same empty metaphors. Undeniably, Barthelme has perfected his sleight of hand since 1961, when the first of these 60 stories was published. But as even animal trainers and patient readers know, one trick, no matter how clever, is not enough to sustain a career. By the tenth Barthelme miniature, what began as curiosity and amusement alters to boredom and exasperation. The author's faults—preciosity and an appearance of smugness high among them—become irritatingly noticeable, and the feeling grows that he is not bestirring himself enough to justify continued patronage. —*By John Skow*



Donald Barthelme
Charming the same old snake.

Like a Camel

THE PUSHCART PRIZE, VI: BEST OF THE SMALL PRESSES
Edited by Bill Henderson
Pushcart Press; 539 pages; $19.95

If small presses constitute the off-Broadway of U.S. publishing, then this annual anthology, now in its sixth year, is becoming the equivalent of the Obie Awards. The development is almost all to the good. Those who contribute to little magazines know in advance that their readers will be few and their pay, if any, laughable. They must make a virtue of necessity and find gratification in their work itself; being singled out for recognition by *The Pushcart Prize* is a happy bonus.

On the other hand, the announcement that the "best of the small presses" has been gathered in one volume poses some problems. *Pushcart* Editor and Publisher Bill Henderson writes that the 52 winners were chosen from more than 4,000 submissions by 2,000 presses, ranging from Abaxas (Madison, Wis.) to Zuezda (Berkeley, Calif.). Since no one person could comfortably read, much less intelligently compare, this avalanche of material, Henderson called on "the assistance of 147 staff and special contributing editors for this edition." Any anthology designed by so large a committee is bound to look more like a camel than a horse, and this one does. It is filled with ups and downs, the low points perhaps owing more to compromises than aesthetic judgment. The truly weak pieces prompt a disquieting question: If this is the best, then what must the worst be like?

Once its beauty-pageant pretensions are ignored, though, *The Pushcart Prize, VI* can be seen for what it is: a fascinating peek at the vast and largely hidden world of noncommercial publishing. This is where talented young or unknown writers

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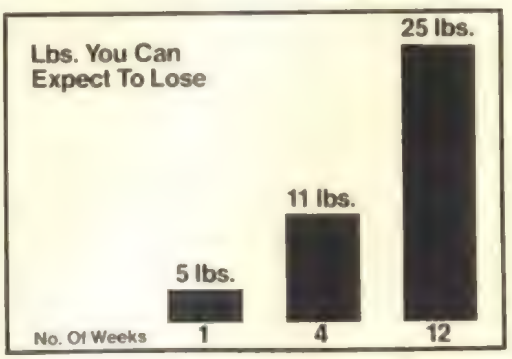

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Books

are likely to make their first impressions. Perhaps the most interesting debut over the past year belongs to Gayle Baney Whittier, who teaches French literature at the State University of New York, Binghamton. Her short story *Lost Time Accident*, which opens the collection, sensitively records a girl's growing awareness of the life her father leads, exposed at his factory job to chemicals and danger, and of her first intimations of the meaning of love. Medical Student David Hellerstein's *A Death in the Glitter Palace* is affecting in a more harrowing way; it describes the ordeal of a Vietnamese immigrant woman whose initial cancer may have been turned into something more deadly by advanced medical care.

Though the fiction ranges from very good to arch or trivial, the level of poetry is consistently high. That is not surprising, since very few popular magazines include any poems at all. The best contemporary poets must depend largely on smaller presses, and a number of them are represented here: Derek Walcott, Joseph Brodsky, Carolyn Forché, Charles Simic, Louise Glück, Galway Kinnell and Robert Creeley.

The essays are less impressive. One, titled *Experiment and Traditional Forms in Contemporary Literature*, starts off early with a solecism ("Contemporary literary works such as Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein, Ray DiPalma . . .") and then goes rapidly downhill. George Steiner, Leslie Fiedler and Theodore Roszak, all of whom have commercial-publishing credentials, turn in rather shaky performances before the smaller houses of the little magazines.

Uneven as it is, this anthology shows that despite the electronic revolution and the long-expected death of literacy, a lot of people are still putting words down on paper. The news is heartening, and then some. A few of these stubborn writers are doing it very well indeed. —*By Paul Gray*

Bill Henderson
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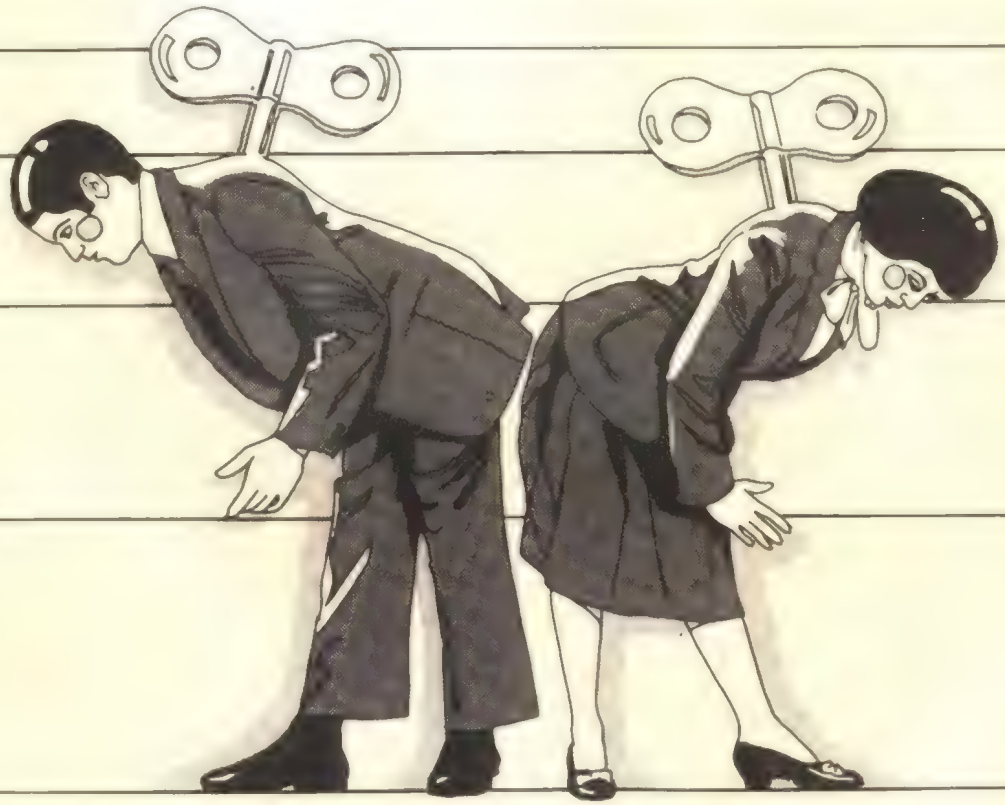

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Bring in the Relief Manager!

George Steinbrenner has created a farm system for skippers

It was precisely what this twisted baseball season needed. Just when fans thought the game would never be the same, when the bogus second-season pennant races were making a mockery of won-lost records, when the strike-broken season had robbed every asterisked statistic of meaning, New York Yankee Principal Owner George Steinbrenner returned the national pastime to normal: he fired his manager. Steinbrenner changes managers about as often as most fans change underwear, though he does it with more anguish and bigger headlines. The latest victim was Gene Michael, the eighth Yankee manager in as many years to succumb to Steinbrenner's peculiar style of baseball by psychodrama.

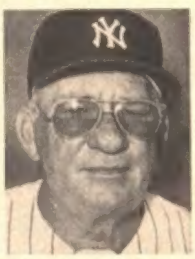
After an entire season of publicly being second-guessed by his boss, Michael summoned reporters to complain about Steinbrenner's threats to fire him. A onetime Yankee shortstop, coach, farm-system manager and general manager of the club under Steinbrenner, Michael, 43, persisted in holding to the old-fashioned notion that the manager in the dugout, not the owner in a VIP box, knows best when to call on a relief pitcher. Said Michael: "It's not fair that he criticizes me and threatens to fire me all the time. I'd rather he do it than talk about it."

So Steinbrenner obliged him. One week later, Michael was ousted in favor of Bob Lemon, a Hall of Fame pitcher with Cleveland during the 1940s and 1950s. Lemon thus stepped in to make his second appearance as relief manager for Steinbrenner. In 1978 Lemon was named to replace Billy Martin after Martin called Steinbrenner a convicted liar. Lemon took the Yankees to the World Series championship that year but in one of the game's strangest turnarounds, was himself ousted in June of 1979—in favor of Martin. Martin lasted until the end of the season before departing for Oakland, then Dick Howser moved onto the hot seat. A year later, after winning the most regular-season games in baseball (103, *vs.* 59 losses), Howser was replaced by Michael.

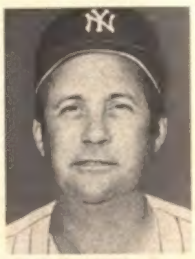
By this time, Steinbrenner had forced out enough Yankee managers to create a kind of bizarre farm system for managers. Included on the roster: Ralph Houk of the Boston Red Sox, Bill Virdon of the Houston Astros, Martin in Oakland. The list was extended last month when Howser was named to replace Jim Frey at Kansas City. Frey had taken the Royals to the World Series in his rookie season, but this year the club got off to a terrible start (twelve games behind Oakland in the American League West when the strike started).

The latest rendition of musical managers was written last week in Montreal, where Dick Williams was relieved after five seasons. He was replaced by Montreal's farm-system director, Jim Fanning. For the past two years, Montreal had been in contention until the final weekend, and this year the Expos were determined to go all the way. But a string of losses hurt those hopes, and Williams was shown the door. Oddly enough, even he had been tickled by the icy finger of Steinbrenner. Williams was offered the post of Yankee manager after Houk departed, but he was then guiding the Oakland A's, and Owner Charles O. Finley refused to release him from his contract. Virdon was hired in his stead. If Steinbrenner proceeds normally, Williams should be an ex-Yankee manager by the end of the 1983 season.

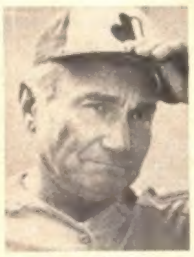
—By B.J. Phillips



The Yankees' Lemon



The Royals' Howser



The Expos' Fanning

Playing It Straight

There is a breed of baseball fans, lovers of the game's rich loom of statistics, who will never forgive the team owners for starting over after the strike, declaring first-half, prestrike division winners and creating an ersatz "second season" that allowed the worst clubs to begin again on an even footing with the best. Particularly haunting is the possibility of a team being denied a place in the postseason competition under the new rules, even though it runs up the best record in its division for all the games played in 1981. It could happen. To keep the record straight, if they were playing it straight, the two sets of standings below show what is and what might have been, the better to track the possibilities of what may be when the books are closed.

THE SECOND SEASON

AMERICAN LEAGUE				NATIONAL LEAGUE			
East	W	L	GB	**East**	W	L	GB
Detroit	20	11	—	St. Louis	16	12	—
Baltimore	18	13	2	Chicago	16	15	1½
*New York	18	13	2	New York	15	16	2½
Milwaukee	18	15	3	Montreal	14	15	2½
Boston	16	14	3½	*Philadelphia	13	17	4
Cleveland	17	16	4	Pittsburgh	12	21	6½
Toronto	14	16	5½				
West				**West**			
*Oakland	16	15	—	Houston	20	11	—
Kansas City	15	14	—	*Los Angeles	18	13	2
Texas	13	16	2	Atlanta	17	13	2½
Minnesota	14	18	2½	San Francisco	17	13	2½
Chicago	13	18	3	Cincinnati	16	14	3½
Seattle	13	19	3½	San Diego	9	23	11½
California	11	18	4	*First-season division winners			

THE TOTAL SEASON

AMERICAN LEAGUE				NATIONAL LEAGUE			
East	W	L	GB	**East**	W	L	GB
New York	52	35	—	St. Louis	46	32	—
Detroit	51	37	1½	Philadelphia	47	38	2½
Baltimore	49	36	2	Montreal	44	40	5
Milwaukee	49	40	4	Pittsburgh	37	44	10½
Boston	46	40	5½	New York	32	50	16
Cleveland	43	40	7	Chicago	31	52	17½
Toronto	30	58	22½				
West				**West**			
Oakland	52	37	—	Los Angeles	54	34	—
Texas	46	38	3½	Cincinnati	51	35	2
Chicago	44	40	5½	Houston	48	40	6
California	42	47	10	Atlanta	42	42	10
Kansas City	36	45	12	San Francisco	44	45	10½
Seattle	34	55	18	San Diego	32	56	22
Minnesota	31	57	20½				

Essay

The Burnout of Almost Everyone

Graham Greene's architect Querry had to trek to an African leprosarium to find a metaphor adequate to express his mood; nothing less would be sufficiently wasted, blighted, defunct. Querry was, Greene meant, *A Burnt-Out Case*, like the leper Deo Gratias, his soul far gone. He was a masterpiece of acedia, a skull full of ashes, a rhapsodist of his own desolation.

Once, hardly anyone except a Graham Greene character could manage such Gethsemanes of exhaustion. Today, burnout is a syndrome verging on a trend. The smell of psychological wiring on fire is everywhere. The air-traffic controllers left their jobs in part, they said, because the daily tension tended to scorch out their circuits (the primitive "flee-or-fight" reaction to danger squirted charges of adrenaline into bodies that had to remain relatively immobile, tethered by duty to scope and computer).

Burnout runs through the teaching profession like Asian flu—possibly because it depresses people to be physically assaulted by those they are trying to civilize. Two years ago, Willard McGuire, president of the National Education Association, said that burnout among teachers "threatens to reach hurricane force if it isn't checked soon." Social workers and nurses burn out from too much association with hopelessness. Police officers burn out. Professional athletes burn out. Students burn out. Executives burn out. Housewives burn out. And, as every parent knows, there usually comes a moment in late afternoon when baby burnout occurs—all of his little circuits overloaded, the child feels too wrought up to fall asleep.

One of the biggest difficulties with the concept of burnout is that it has become faddish and indiscriminate, an item of psychobabble, the psychic equivalent, in its ubiquitousness, of jogging. Burnout has no formal psychiatric status. Many psychoanalysts regard the malady as simply that old familiar ache, depression. Even so, plenty of professionals take burnout seriously. Psychological journals are heavy with analyses of burnout.

Burnout is progressive, occurring over a period of time. Authors Robert Veninga and James Spradley define five stages that lead from a stressful job to a burnt-out case: 1) The Honeymoon—intense enthusiasm and job satisfaction that, for all but a few dynamos, eventually give way to a time when valuable energy reserves begin to drain off. 2) Fuel Shortage—fatigue, sleep disturbances, possibly some escapist drinking or shopping binges and other early-warning signals. 3) Chronic Symptoms—exhaustion, physical illness, acute anger and depression. 4) Crisis—illness that may become incapacitating, deep pessimism, self-doubt, obsession with one's own problems. 5) Hitting the Wall—career and even life threatened.

Burnout may be the late 20th century descendant of neurasthenia and the nervous breakdown—the wonderfully matter-of-fact all-purpose periodic collapse that our parents were fond of. Burnout is pre-eminently the disease of the thwarted; it is a frustration so profound that it exhausts body and morale. Burnout, in advanced states, imposes a fatigue that seems—at the time—a close relative of death. It is the entropy of the other-directed. Even the best worker—especially the best worker—will often, when thwarted, swallow his rage; it then turns into a small private conflagration, the fire in the engine room. A race of urban nomads who have wandered far from family roots tends to turn work into the spiritual hearth, a chief source of warmth and support. When the supervisor proves to be an idiot, when the pay is bad or the job insecure or unrewarding, then the worker experiences a strangely intimate and fundamental sense of betrayal, a wound very close to the core. Or perhaps the wound is his discovery that the core is empty. And with that discovery, he may resort to a pistol, a length of rope or a fistful of pills, leaving behind a note: "Burned out."

Despite the psychologists' exertions, the malady is utterly subjective and therefore unpredictable. One policeman will thrive in an assignment that may turn another into an alcoholic. In 1971 a *Wall Street Journal* survey found that the most physically draining and mentally numbing jobs were working at a foundry furnace, selling subway tokens, lifting lids on a steel-mill oven, and removing hair and fat from hog carcasses. Yet one worker took both pride and pleasure in the fact that he could clean a hog carcass in 45 seconds. Incidentally, it is also worth mentioning that being unemployed is a lot more stressful than an unsatisfying job, a fact that some ex-controllers are discovering.

Why is burnout, for all its serious implications, somewhat irritating to contemplate? Part of the problem resides in the term itself. It is too apocalyptic (in its private, individual way). Burnout implies a violent process ending in a devastation. The term perfectly captures an American habit of hyperbole and narcissism working in tandem: a hypochondria of the spirit. The idea contains a sneaking self-aggrandizement tied to an elusive self-exoneration. In the concept of burnout, there is no sense of human process, of the ups and downs—even the really awful downs—to which all men and women, in all history, have been subject. It also suggests that too many people become a little too easily thwarted. Most of the world's work, it has often been noted, is done by people who do not feel well.

Burnout has a way of turning the sovereign self (as we thought of it once, long ago) into a victim, submissive, but passive-aggressive, as psychologists say; it is like a declaration of bankruptcy—necessary sometimes, but also somewhat irresponsible and undignified. It is a million-dollar wound, an excuse, a ticket out. The era of "grace under pressure" vanished in the early '60s. Burnout is the perfect disorder for an age that lives to some extent under the Doctrine of Discontinuous Selves. It simply declares one's self to be defunct, out of business; from that pile of ash a new self will arise. In the democracy of neurosis, everyone is entitled to his own apocalypse. Burnout becomes the mechanism by which people can enact their serial selves, in somewhat the way that divorce permits serial marriages. In some cases, the serial selves of burnout are like the marshmallows that Cub Scouts thrust into the campfire flame. They hold them there until they are charred, peel away the blackened outer skin and eat it, then thrust the soft white marshmallow into the flame again, repeating the process until there is nothing left.

—*By Lance Morrow*

Illustration for TIME by Cathy Hull

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